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# THE NUISANCE

## By Morgan Robertson

NATURE had endowed him with brain and the essentials of manhood, but his parents, unable to appreciate his gifts, had endeavored to supplant them with the education of a young lady. At seventeen he was a credit to his tutelage—as harmless and useless a prig as refined environment can produce. His diction was faultless, his dress immaculate, and his morals above par.

Intended for the ministry, he had been shielded from the contaminating associations of public schools, and what he knew he had learned from his parents, his nurse, his governess, and private tutor. He knew that most people were vulgar, that incorrect speech was but little less sinful than profanity, that quarreling, even in self-defense, was shockingly disgraceful, and that the only fit and consistent course of action for a gentleman afflicted by sudden assault was to turn the unsmitten cheek to the smiter. He knew that women were good in a ratio commensurate with their beauty; that while an old or ill-favored woman might be vengeful and dishonest, it was manifestly impossible for a young and charming girl to have a wicked thought or motive. As he had no sisters, and his intercourse with young ladies usually began and ended with the lifting of his hat, it was easy for him to know this.

He knew a few other things of no account, and the list of practical things which he did not know is beyond enumeration. In time he learned and unlearned a great many, but this concept of womankind, born of his seclusion, nourished by a strong romantic fancy, and proven conclusively by his carefully selected literature—which told only of the good, the pure and the beautiful—made an impress on his mind that was never thoroughly effaced.

At this stage of his development his mother died, and with her going went a large part of the gentle pressure that had moulded his character. His abstracted and grief-stricken father, having done his duty by the boy, now left him to himself. So he lifted his head and looked about. Grounded as he was in propriety, he used his new-found liberty only in the matter of books. It was enough. He read what he could not have found in his father's library. Choosing at haphazard, he devoured iconoclastic philosophy, which played havoc with some of his spiritual beliefs; modern political economy, which told him that things were not as they might be; novels which, while widening his horizon, conflicted in nowise with his ideals—and finally, a tale of the sea. This last opened up a new world to him, and choosing no more at haphazard, he drank in all printed nautical lore that was within reach.

There was a strain of Norse blood in his veins. Externally, it manifested itself in yellow hair, blue eyes, pink skin, and promise of giant stature; internally, it developed in his soul, under the stimulus of this reading, a repugnance for the humdrum life laid out for him, and a thirst for travel and adventure that brought him, at the end of a year, into his father's study to announce that he would not preach, that he would go to sea, and that he had arranged preliminaries with the Congressman of the district—even to the passing of a competitive examination—for an appointment to the Naval Academy. All that he needed was his father's consent and an outfit.

At first astonished, then enraged, as he saw the work of years undone before his eyes, the father refused, and, in the stormy scene which followed, struck the boy, who had hardly felt pain in all his life. What followed was humiliating. The father was larger than the son, and in his prime; but his arms were pinioned immovably to his side, and he was forced into a chair, while the boy, white as death, save where the open hand had left its red imprint, looked into his face and informed him in a new voice that he wished he were not his father so that he might fittingly return the blow. When released, the furious man gained the front door, opened it, and explosively ordered the ingrate to go, never to come back.

So, John Braisted left home. Whatever of remorse or regret the father may have felt when his anger cooled he carefully concealed. Three months later, when the Congressman showed him a letter from mid-ocean, full of boyish explanation and complaint, he displayed as little interest as he did four years after, when the same Congressman—who was interested—read him a newspaper account of a heroic rescue at sea, in which the name and description of John Braisted, Third Mate, was given laudatory prominence. Still, he was a father, and there was Norse blood in his own veins.

The events and adventures—the strenuous sequence of hard knocks and hard fare that went toward the unmaking and remaking of John Braisted, have no place here. At the end of ten years an endless chain of letters and a radiating flow of money overspread the world. Consuls, commissioners, crimps and runners, pilots and ntarine editors, where English is spoken, knew that a slowly dying father would see his sailor son before the end. And so, one day, the big Chief Mate of a big in-bound ship received a newspaper clipping from the pilot at Hongkong, quit his berth when the anchor dropped (to the annoyance of his Captain, for he was a good officer), took steamer passage for New York, and arrived barely in time to clasp the hand of a worn and withered man and promise to give up the sea.

It was not the John Braisted of ten years ago. An overgrown, unformed boy, with a girl's face, had gone away; a straight-limbed, square-shouldered giant had come back—a man with a voice of authority, with face the color of old copper, and hair the lighter hue of hemp—whose gait and gestures suggested the grace and agility of a panther, with the might of a grizzly bear. His father's estate yielded him an income more than sufficient for his wants; and with nothing to do, this masterful son of the sea donned his first dress suit, and, under the auspices of a fad-finding aunt whose social position was impregnable, made his bow to a matured metropolitan society.

Society flocked to meet the lion. Men comprehended and liked him; he joined their yacht clubs and told them where they stood. Their wives, sisters and daughters, understanding

him as little as he understood them, but influenced by masculine praise, sought his company, tried him by their tests, weighed him in their balance, and judged him by their law.

In a measure he had preserved the correctness of his speech and his taste in dress, but he lacked the unconscious knowledge of small social form which landsmen absorb with their growth and development. The formulas "come and see me," and "not at home," were truths to him at first, then lies. He resented such small evasions, but overlooked intentional and transparent deception. Across the years of his seafaring he had carried in his mind the childish correlation of beauty and goodness. He could see no guile in the smiling eyes of a bare-shouldered daughter of Eve whose main object in smiling was to test the strength of his armor, and who, only in her schooldays, could have appreciated the homage he paid to her sex in his direct replies and queries, his badly timed comments, and his tactless silences—all arising from his own shyness and embarrassment, but bearing the outward semblance of arrogance.

He was vaguely conscious from the first that in this hothouse atmosphere he was not as other men; but, proud of his manhood, and placing but a small estimate on that of these other men, he exchanged no confidences and asked no advice. His aunt could not safely be affronted, and there was no apparent lessening of the demand for his society. So the well-meaning victim of diverted development—the product of the nursery and the forecastle—went blindly and innocently on to his punishment, trampling on small prejudice and precedent in a manner not to be forgiven.

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Flushed cheeks were beyond his power of analysis; moist and angry eyes were turned away from him; just criticism never reached his ears, and he made no headway. At last the fair lion-tamers, by comparing notes and by mutual encouragement, reached a verdict that even his aunt's influence could not modify. Some considered him a boor; others thought him intentionally hateful; but all agreed that he was an utterly impossible man, who smelled vilely of tobacco. Consequently they politely snubbed him; but as he was not yet able to see beneath the politeness, the lesson was lost.

Then one brave spirit pointedly ignored his street greeting and watched the effect. It needed a repetition before the sensitive, self-conscious man made sure of the animus; but, when he had recovered from the shock of the experience, that particular young person ceased to exist for him. She delightedly and excitedly told the tale. Others followed suit, and soon there was a charmed circle, whose members discussed the pariah at informal meetings, into which enthusiastic, bright-eyed aspirants eagerly sought entrance, as men seek admission to a popular club, bringing as credentials the latest tale of snub. Not to know him became a social advantage. Braisted, the more vulnerable because of his vigorous chivalry and honest intent, suffered keenly, but dumbly—and found himself utterly helpless in a warfare that youth meets with derision and contempt.

The clause in his indictment regarding tobacco was true. He had acquired the smoking habit at sea, and in his present idleness indulged in it frequently, through the medium of a black briar pipe, which he carried with him upon all occasions. It was before the time when pipes were admitted to good society, and he was conscientiously careful not to smoke in the presence of ladies; but his clothing was saturated with the fumes, and as he himself—like all smokers—was immune to the odor, and as no man cared to tell him, he remained blissfully unconscious of his atmosphere, until, one day, the knowledge came to him with other information in understandable terms that brought his brief career in polite society to a temporary close.

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It was a girl, of course—a brown-eyed girl of stately mould and well-stored mind. She was a few years his junior; she had not sought his acquaintanceship, and, wiser than her sisters, showed no fervid desire to give it up. Hence she possessed, in time, a peculiar interest for him that bore no relation to the fact that she was wealthy in her own right and the daughter of a wealthier widow. As his sense of isolation grew upon him, he had welcomed the mute sympathy which he found in her manner and expression, and took up more of her time than she might have spared to another. To her he was a curious character, and she liked the study of human nature. Finally her pity for his bewilderment took the form of tuition. Yielding to the maternal instinct inherent in the sex—which prompts small girls to scold small brothers—she threw out delicate hints, which he gladly tried to profit by. But the man needed a real mother, who could do more than hint. When she touched upon his atmosphere, he smiled, unbelieving, and wondered at her imagination; for his own sense of smell—or lack of it—contradicted the gentle accusation. However, after three smokeless days he appeared before her and announced that he had given it up—for her. As he wore the same clothing, she had sniffed suspiciously, and, for obvious reasons, displayed no keen interest in his alleged reform. Then, in a spasm of pique, he backslid, and began smoking again as hard as ever.

Her manner was guarded now, and it had the effect of spurring him to a blunt statement of fact, and a blunter question, to which she responded with a firmly spoken "No." But he would not take this for an answer. Somehow, from his inadequate reading and limited experience he had evolved the futile theory that a woman's "No" invariably meant "Yes," and he asked the question again and again. Had he shown less anxiety as to his fate, or less faith in the truth of the theory, he might have won by pure persistence; for it was plain that she liked him. As it was, the continuous recurrence of the never-settled question—which had become as vital to him as life itself—irritated the girl beyond endurance, and at last, on the verge of hysterics, she faced him with angry eyes, and the storm descended.

"Why do you not let me alone?" she asked. "Why should I marry you when I do not love you? More, why should I, how could I love you? Are you a gentleman? No, or you would not annoy me. Can you live, without comment or criticism, the life I am living? No. You are a slave to a filthy habit; you continually make yourself ridiculous, and have made me so while I have been trying to help you. Have you self-respect and ambition? No, or you would not be content as you are. Have you moral fibre that commands consideration? You have lied to me, pitifully and trivially, about your miserable pipe—for what object I cannot guess. You have become a veritable nuisance!"

Then she burst into tears.

He turned and left her without a word. In the succeeding twenty-four hours he experienced all the emotions to which the human mind is susceptible except joy and anger. Her words forbade the one, her tears the other. He dealt his aunt insane reproach, and the busy, frivolous woman, judging only by externals—his handsome face and magnificent physique—wept copiously, and washed her hands of him. Then he disgustedly packed his trunk and traveled—anywhere.

*—he growled to himself as he puffed savagely*

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With him went his pipe, and for six months it never became cold during his waking hours. It softened the discord of the bitter song in his brain, the most jarring note of which was the word "nuisance." In the end he silenced the song, and substituted the savage judgment on himself: "Served me right. I'm an educated pig—badly educated, and wholly pig." The last clause signified a hopelessness that robbed him even of the wish to please—which, under the peculiar circumstances, may have been good for him.

His flight from himself and his memories had carried him to the wilderness, and late one sultry afternoon, clad in a soiled outing-suit, and smoking his pipe, he stood on the beach of a Florida lagoon, studying a craft at anchor with all a sailor's criticism. As indicated by the burgee and private signal at the trucks, it was a yacht; and indeed, below the water-line the vessel was yacht-like enough, if her lines were an index; but above, though the craft was no larger than an ordinary schooner-yacht, were the short ends, spars and rigging of a square-rigged ship. She carried neither skysails nor stunsails, and the cabin trunk extended to the foremast, but in other respects, even to the standing spanker gaff, she was outwardly a complete miniature of the old Cape Horn clippers; and with her glossy black hull, varnished spars and sparkling brasswork she was as beautiful a craft as Braisted had ever seen.

On the beach was the yacht's dingey, and on the backboard in the sternsheets Braisted read the name, "Argonaut." It called up recollections of yacht-club gossip concerning this craft and her owner—a fat, smooth-faced and effusive young man named Fanwood, who had not impressed him favorably when he had met him, and who seemed to be as unique among yachtsmen as the Argonaut was among yachts. He was—so ran the gossip—possessed of an income too large for intelligent distribution and the smallest brain-power compatible with sanity. He was a one-idea man, intensely enthusiastic about whatever occupied his mind for the moment, and in his way fond of outdoor sport, which prompted him to build freak yachts like the Argonaut. He spoke with a natural lisp, a very unnatural English accent, and radiated a general offensiveness, due to his limitations.

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As Braisted's musings reached this point he was tapped on the shoulder and a voice spoke:

"Bwaithted, ithn't it? How d'ye do? By Jove, what bringths you down here?"

"Out to grass, Fanwood," he answered, as he turned and shook hands. "Knew you by your yacht and your musical voice. Nothing like 'em on earth. How many hands do you carry in that plaything?"

"None now—bleth the luck! I'm in a peck of twouble. Whole crew quit me yetht'day—every one. No one to cook or do anything. Can't get away. Beathly nuisance. Telegwaphed to Fernandina, Cedar Keys, St. Augustine—lots of thailor men, no captains. Can't wun her myself, you know. Bleth me, Bwaithted, what a villainous pipe! Smoke that all the time?"

"Most always," answered Braisted with a smile, as he blew more smoke to windward. "Why don't you send for a tug?"

"Oh, that wouldn't do, don't you know; wouldn't be thporthmanlike," coughed Fanwood. "But I sent for twenty-five thailor men. Be here to-morrow."

"That's sensible. All you really want now is a skipper. Let's think. I'm under promise to—but, Fanwood, you have a party, I see—ladies, too. Any one I know?"

"Think not. Mother ith along, and a few of her fwiends. Mr. Brimm, pwesident of an anti-tobacco league, and hith thon, Eugene, and Mrs. ——"

"Hold on, Fanwood; what made your crew quit you?"

"I vow I don't know. I did evwything I could for them. Sheets and pillowcases in the berths, and tablecloths, and napkins—yeth sir, each man had his own napkin ring. Yet they thwore fwightfully before the ladies, and at last they mutinied——"

Braisted burst into a roar of laughter—the first genuine laughter he had enjoyed for months.

"Sheets and pillowcases!" he repeated when he could. "And napkins! Anti-smoking crank aboard! Kept 'em up in their watch below to be lectured to, I suppose."

"But it wath all for their own good," rejoined Fanwood.

"Well, now, here—got a sextant and chronometer aboard? Or did your skipper furnish his own?"

"Gueth tho. I bought evwything."

"Well, you suppress the services, and I'll take your little ship up to Fernandina, where you can look around for a skipper."

"You? Weally? Why, bleth me, yeth! I heard you had been a thailor. But, have you been a captain? She's a ship, you know, and thailormen are a wough lot—hard to manage."

"I'm a rough lot myself," said Braisted gravely, "and it took me ten years to learn what I know about ships and sailors. I promised my father to give up the life; so I'll go aboard as your guest, if you like—but, understand me, a guest with all the rights and privileges of a skipper. There must be no interference between myself and the men; and if I give an order, to a sailor or passenger, that order must be obeyed. You need a sailing-master—I need a sniff of salt air. Is it agreed?"

"Thertainly—thertainly, Bwaithted; and I call this a dithpenthation of Pwovidence, I weally do. Where ith your luggage? That ith a pwetty wocky suit you have on. Gueth the thailing-master's uniform will just fit you."

"Will it? Well, I'll not wear your livery, just the same. And as I don't go aboard to impress your guests, I'll wear this rig until my trunk comes. It's three miles inland at a hotel. I'll wire for it."

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This done, they pulled off in the dingey, and on the yacht's white deck Braisted, with pipe out of sight, and mental poise steadied and strengthened by six months' immunity from shock and surprise, bore gracefully the ordeal of a sweeping introduction to Mrs. Fanwood—a portly, hook-nosed woman, who said that she was glad to know him, and looked otherwise—to Mr. Brimm, the enemy of tobacco, tall, unctuous and flabby-handed, and to his son, Eugene, a frank-faced youngster of eighteen. But when he was presented to a kind-looking, middle-aged lady at the after companionway, who announced distinctly that she was "very pleased to make his acquaintance," speech left him; and when he looked into the brown eyes of a younger, statelier woman who followed up the steps, and whom the other described as "My daughter, Miss Fleming," he became dizzy; for he had known the mother nearly as well as the daughter. The girl merely bowed to him, with eyes on the deck, and in his embarrassment he turned to Fanwood, who was now explaining matters to his mother and Mr. Brimm. The searching inquiry which these two made as to his record and ancestry, his habits and accomplishments, nautical and social, and as to his morals, completed his collapse, but convinced him, confused as he was, that his experience with Miss Fleming was known only to her mother.

To escape the catechism, however, he desperately asked Fanwood the location of the skipper's room—and fled. Whereupon Mrs. Fanwood averred that he talked like a fool and looked like an idiot, and that she never would permit him to take command of the yacht.

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In the sailing-master's room, with heart beating painfully, Braisted mopped his forehead and sat down to collect his scattered faculties. "Pleased to make my acquaintance," he muttered. "That's my cue. Saves explaining to the rest. I understand—I'm to keep my distance. I'll keep it, by Heaven! Recognized me in the boat—I saw them—more than one woman on deck—went below to consult—and then I got that—'Pleased to make your acquaintance.' And she'll think I came aboard on her account—invited myself. And Fanwood'll give it out that way. All right. I'll clear out just as quickly. I'll take a smoke, and then—the dingey."

He filled and lighted his pipe, the old rage strong upon him—the old song gathering force in his brain. "Not a gentleman," he growled to himself as he puffed savagely; "ridiculous—a liar, without moral fibre. I'm all that—yes,

*—and tested the bottom—walking along the rail from bow to stern*

every bit of it; but not a nuisance. I'm dashed if I'll be a nuisance! She'll never call me that again, God—bless her!"

The reactive effect of the blessing invoked by his heart against the dictum of his brain brought him a slight measure of tranquillity, and he began to take some interest in his surroundings. He noticed a triangular box on a shelf which he

knew contained nothing but a sextant. Rolls of charts and a telltale compass hung from the carlines; on the bulkhead was a large aneroid barometer; on the desk was the closed log-book, and in a locker—or closed alcove in the bulkhead—the yacht's chronometer, which, on examining, he found run down. He opened the log-book. The last entry was two days old, giving the yacht's position at noon and the subsequent run to the lagoon; and in the "remarks" column was this:

"All hands quit this ship today, having brought her to a safe anchorage, because, although there are enough of us to man a ship three times as big, we are not allowed to smoke even below decks.

"We believe we are justified by the customs of the sea in bringing this ship to port and leaving her. We take only our own clothes and property. Uniforms are in the forecastle and officers' rooms.

"(Signed)

"JOHN BARRY, Sailing-Master.
"GEORGE EDWARDS, Mate."

The unconscious humor of the manifesto appealed to Braisted, and he laughed softly. Then came the thought: "But—why? It's lunacy. Who ever heard of stopping tobacco aboard ship? Fanwood's fool enough, but he wouldn't hold out. His mother's no fool—she wouldn't try. It's Mabel, surely. She's a reformer—though a mighty poor one—and she's undoubtedly behind this—with the old man to back her up, perhaps. How, though? What's her hold on Fanwood? What's she doing aboard this yacht?"

A pang of jealousy whitened his face for a moment; but though it displaced the last trace of his anger, it left all the antagonism of hopelessness. Gulping down a disconsolate exclamation, he turned toward the door and his eyes rested on the barometer. The reading startled him: the indicator marked below twenty-nine. He shook the instrument, but there was no change; in another alcove he found a mercurial barometer which agreed with it, and he sought the deck, but not the dingey.

It was about six o'clock in the evening, and the sun, a blood-red ball, was setting in an opaque bank over the land. The sultriness of the air had become a humid stagnation which seemed to oppress the breathing. What tide came and went in the bay was now at slack water, and on the flat mirror the little ship hovered over her anchor with chain up-and-down from the hawse-pipe, while the crashing of surf on the sea-beach of the Barrier sounded faintly—as though from double the distance. These were signs of a coming storm—not many hours away.

Braisted reversed his decision to leave.

There was no immediate way of learning how much chain was out, but he lifted over and cockbilled the other anchor—an easy task for his broad shoulders—and after satisfying himself that the inner ends of the chains were secured in the locker, he procured a hand-lead and tested the bottom—walking along the rail from bow to stern, paying no attention to the silent observers under the after awning. It was hard and soft in spots, and his misgivings were confirmed by an inspection of the charts, which said that this bay was "Poor anchorage—shallow beds of sand over coral," and also told him that Captain Barry had chosen the best spot available. Then, as a final precaution against trouble in the darkness of night, he went aft again and took the bearings of the inlet by the deck compass near the wheel. His activity and preoccupied manner moved Fanwood to ask what troubled him.

"Bad weather coming," he answered as he emptied his pipe over the taffrail and looked from one to another of the group. "I don't like to disturb you, but this is the hurricane season, and we may be piled up on the Barrier before morning. Look there."

He pointed to the growing bank to the westward, and all but Miss Fleming stood erect to look. She remained seated, intent upon a book.

"If I had a crew," he continued, "I should warp out through the inlet, where there is sea-room to take it. Next best plan is to haul over to the mainland and make the cables fast to the trees. Do you gentlemen care to try it? It's a long, hard job."

"Bleth me, no!" said Fanwood. "It ith altogether too laborious. Why can't we thtay where we are?"

"I see no occasion for alarm," said Mrs. Fanwood pompously. "It looks like rain—that is all. And we are safe at anchor—safe in port, I might say. You surely can know but little of the sailor's calling, Mr. Braisted, if you advocate leaving port with a storm coming. Captain Barry, villain that he was, would not have thought of it."

"It is useless to argue about what I know, Mrs. Fanwood. I judge by the log-book that Captain Barry was a good seaman. He doubtless had sufficient reason for quitting this craft. But I blame the man for leaving you over bad holding ground. I shall drop the other anchor, and when the wind comes will pay out all the chain. The anchors may possibly hold. If they drag, however, I shall slip both chains and try to steer through the inlet."

"You shall do nothing of the kind, sir!" rejoined Mrs. Fanwood. "The idea! And what do you mean, sir, by such comment on Captain Barry's mutinous desertion of us? What do you mean, sir?"

"Young man," interrupted Mr. Brimm patronisingly, "it is really a little surprising that you should attempt to terrorize these ladies in this manner. True, you may be alarmed yourself, but you surely would not be were you the seafaring man you announce yourself. I have crossed the ocean many times. Believe me, sir, there is no danger——"

"Fanwood," Braisted interrupted warmly, "there's a log-book entry that will make you the laughing-stock of every yacht club from here to Halifax. Why did you forbid smoking? Were you crazy? Stop sailors' pay and they'll take their ship out of danger. Stop their grub, and they'll growl, but work. Stop their tobacco, and you'll have open mutiny. Women don't know any better, but you ought."

"Mr. Braisted, your language is insufferable!" spluttered Mrs. Fanwood.

"Very sorry, madam, but I'm about done talking."

"Bwaithted," said her son with all his scant dignity, "you should wemember that as my guest you should be governed by the wules of courtethy common to gentlemen—which a mere thailing-mathter is not thupposed to pwactice."

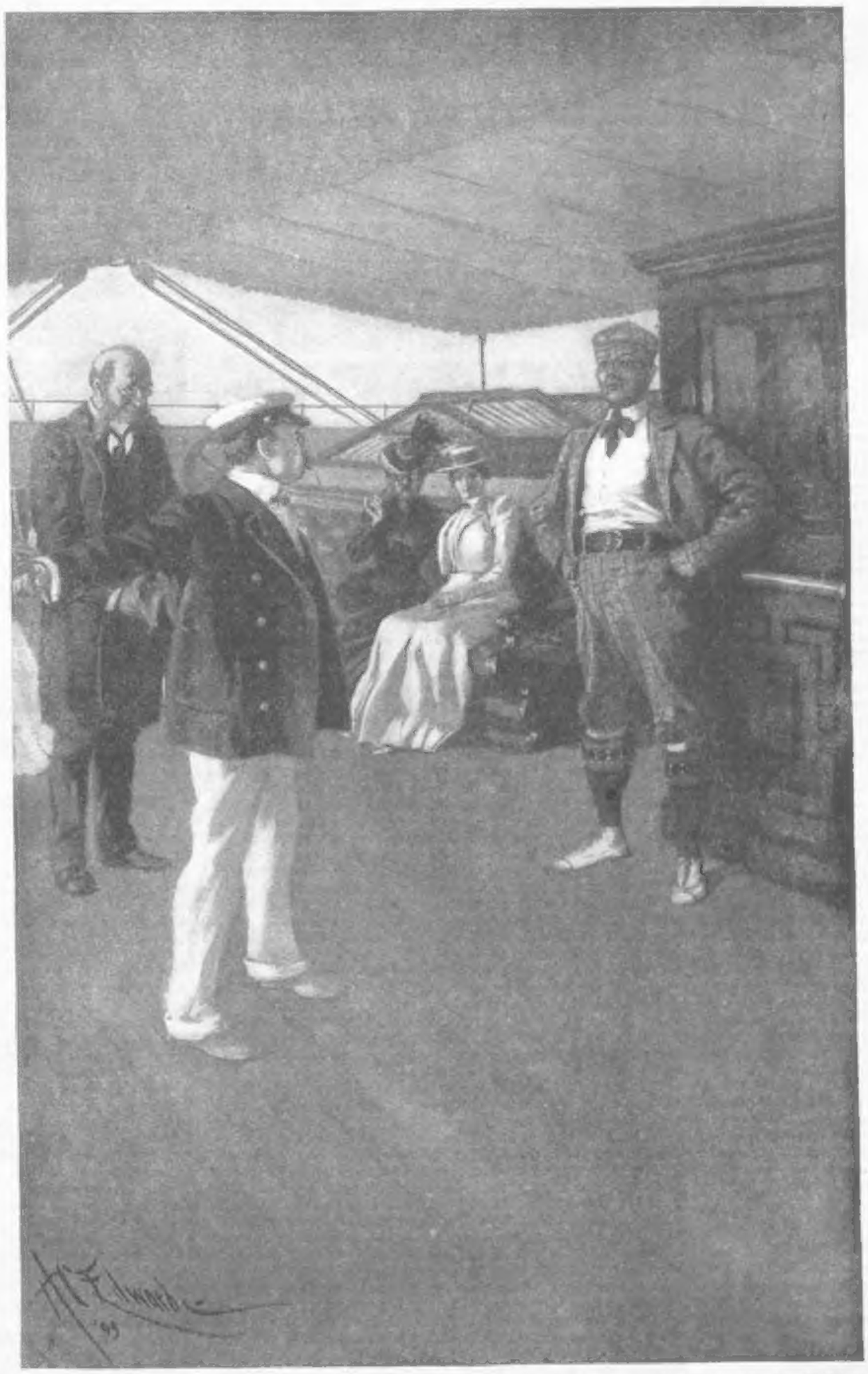
"Perfectly right, Mr. Fanwood," he answered in a white heat. "But I am not a gentleman" (the girl with the book made no sign); "neither am I your sailing-master or your guest. I'm the 'dithpenthation of Pwovidence,' which you called me. If these ladies will go ashore, I'll go too, and stay there. If not, I remain here and see them out of this scrape."

He started forward, and as he passed the boy, Eugene's eye caught his for a moment. It closed slowly in a deliberate wink, which the others did not see; and his own eyes gave thanks for the sympathy.

"I order you to leave my yacht at once!" stormed Fanwood. "You are forthing yourthelf on people who do not want your thothiety. You mean to eat my food while you inthult my mother and my gueths. You get into that boat and go! Eugene will row you ashore."

He had presented an extreme view of the case, which momentarily affected Braisted. He turned and looked back at the group, half-minded to accede. But a pair of brown eyes decided him. She had looked at him as she might have looked at the mainmast, with no show of interest or approval; but for this he would stand by her—and the others.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



"I ORDER YOU TO LEAVE MY YACHT AT ONCE!"

# CADET LAW

By ELIHU S. RILEY

FROM the moment a candidate for admission to the Naval Academy arrives in Annapolis to take his entrance examinations he is under the surveillance and government of the naval cadets. There is one rule for all: the candidate must not visit the Academy. If he does he is, in Academy vernacular, "spotted," and when he enters the institution as a cadet there is an unmerciful hazing in store for him.

Under the unwritten law of the Academy it is considered decidedly bad form for a "Pleb.," or Fourth classman, to stare at an upper classman when he passes; to ask an upper classman a question under any circumstances whatever, and to be seen with a smile on his face. A "Pleb.," when discovered smiling, is at once told to "wipe it off."

These are the sins of commission. Those of omission are: Failing to add a "sir" at any time to an answer given an upper classman; failing to keep one's hat straight or one's blouse buttoned; failing to rise and stand attention when an upper classman enters the room; failing to report to an upper classman's room when ordered; daring to take a walk in "Love Lane," the Second classman's highway to the Steam Building, and failing to carry out any order given by an upper classman.

"Love Lane" is the graveled walk running from the main avenue of the Academy and winding its way beneath beautiful trees to the band-stand. Just as this walk is forbidden to the "Plebs.," Third classmen are not allowed to walk on the pavement that passes the Observatory and leads to the Steam Building. Second classmen, until they have become First classmen, are prohibited from sitting on the benches at the end of the walk near the Tripolitan Monument, though they may, if they choose, consort with "the youngsters" on their benches opposite the First classmen's places.

Besides individual rules, there are class regulations. The Fourth class cadets must not print a heading to their letters, nor have a class meeting, and, probably, wear no class colors, until after the semi-annual examinations.

In June, 1897, a Third classman ordered Cadet William McEntee to hold up his head and walk straight, with some remark reflecting on the alignment of the "Pleb.'s" physique.

"Mind your own business!" was the curt reply that Cadet McEntee gave the astounded Third classman.

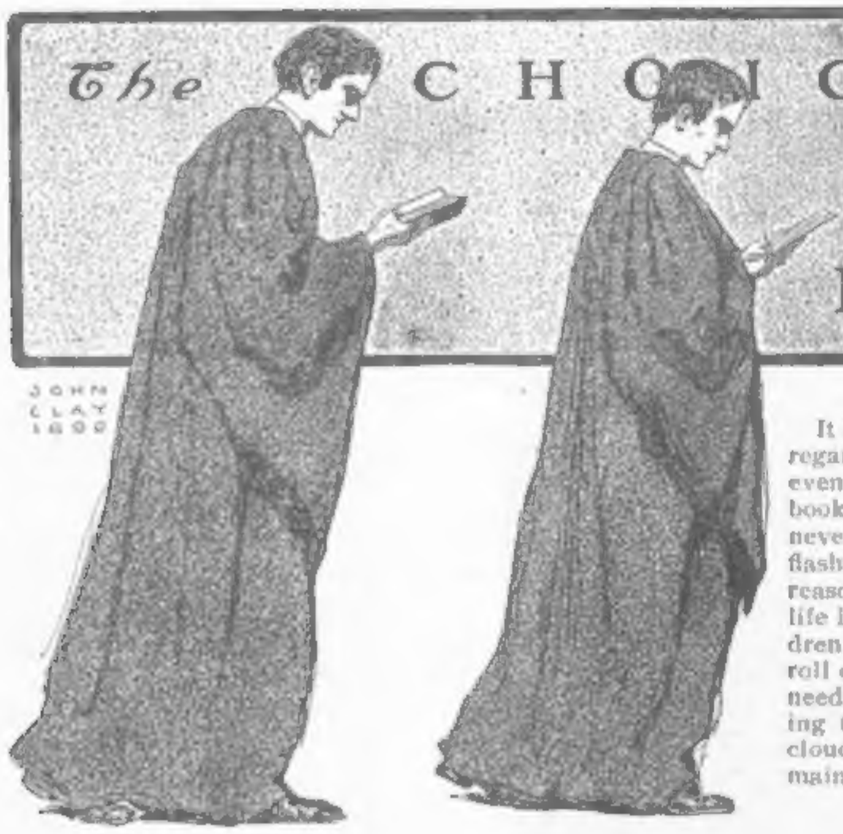
"Ah," asked the latter, "you want to fight?"

"Yes," replied McEntee, and at it they went, behind old Fort Severn. McEntee was ill at the time, but that counted nothing with the plucky little Minnesotian. He had a little body, a big head, and a flat, square face that made a good target for the fists of his antagonist. At the end of the fight Cadet McEntee's face was as if a harrow had run over it, and one eye was black, but he had preserved his manhood as it goes at the Naval Academy, and had not shown the white feather. Moreover, he had made a black ring around one eye of his "ranking officer." The Commandant of cadets had wind of the fight. Cadet McEntee's appearance showed he had had an "affair," and, besides, he had to go to the hospital.

When the Commandant asked the trouble with his face, Cadet McEntee declared there was nothing the matter with it; in fact, he seemed greatly astonished that the Commandant should investigate him! The Commandant liked the fellow's pluck and did not press the investigation. McEntee is now the honor man of the Naval Academy.

# The CHOICE of a PROFESSION
# The MINISTRY

By Newell Dwight Hillis D.D.




GREAT, indeed, has been the influence of war, politics, commerce, law, science and government, yet we must also confess that the pulpit has been one of the great forces in social progress. Be the reasons what they may, the moral teachers of yesterday are the social leaders of to-day.

To-morrow, Moses will reenter his pulpit and pronounce judgment and control verdicts in every court of the city. To-morrow, as Germans, we will utter the speech that Luther fashioned for us, or as Saxons use the idioms that Wyclif and Bunyan taught our fathers. To-morrow, the groom and bride will set up their altars, and, kindling the sacred fires of affection, they will found their home upon Paul's principle, "The greatest of these is love." To-morrow, the citizen will exercise his privilege of free thought and speech, and recall Guizot's words, "Democracy crossed over into Europe in the little boat that brought Paul." To-morrow, educators will re-read the Sermon on the Mount and seek to make rich the schools for the little ones who bear God's image. To-morrow, we shall find that the great arts that enrich us were themselves made rich by teachers of the Christian religion. For great thoughts make great thinkers. Eloquent orators do not discuss petty themes. The woes of India lent eloquence to Burke. Paradise lent beauty to Dante and strength to Milton. It was the majesty of Him whom "the heaven of heavens cannot contain" that lent sublimity to the Cathedral of Angelo and Bramante.

Christ's ideal of immortality lent sweetness to Handel and victory to his oratorio. It was the golden rule, also, that shotted the cannons of freedom against the citadel of slavery and servitude. "The economic and political struggles of modern society," says the great English economist, "are in the last analysis religious struggles—their sole solution, the life and teachings of Jesus Christ set forth through the human voice." In his celebrated argument in the Girard College case, Daniel Webster reviewed the upward progress of society, and asked this question, "Where have the life-giving waters of civilization ever sprung up save in the track of the Christian ministry?" Having expressed the hope that American scholars had done something for the honor of literature abroad; that our courts of justice had, to a little degree, exalted the law; that the orations in Congress had tended to extend and secure the character of human rights, the great statesman added these words: "But I contend that no literary efforts, no adjudications, no constitutional discussions, nothing that has ever been done or said in favor of the great interests of universal man, has done this country more credit at home and abroad than our body of clergymen." Weightier or more unqualified testimony was never pronounced. Whatever the future may hold for the pulpit, the past, at least, is secure!

### IS THE INFLUENCE OF THE PULPIT DECLINING?

Having affirmed the influence of the pulpit in early and ignorant eras, some writers now declare the pulpit has entered upon a decline, and predict its final decay. In this age of books and papers men question the need of moral instruction through the voice.

Thoughtful men are not troubled lest some agency arise to dispossess the pulpit. In the last analysis, preaching is simply an extension of that universal function called conversation. It represents an attempt so to bring the truth to bear upon conduct and character as to cleanse the reason, sweeten the affections, and lend inspiration to imagination; so as to strengthen conscience and refine the moral sentiment. The foundation of all moral instruction is in the family, where children are influenced, not by abstractions, but by the truth manifest in the voice of the father and the mother, who create an atmosphere about the child. Socrates came speaking, as did Plato and Paul, as did the world's Saviour; and so long as man remains man, preaching will remain, not as a luxury, but as the necessity of man's existence.

So far from books doing away with the influence of the voice, they seem rather to increase it. In ages when there were no books men sat silent in the cell or were dumb by the hearthstone. Now, when a new book is published, like The Memoirs of Tennyson, or Equality, by Bellamy, or Letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, these books, instead of ending conversation upon the themes in question, seem rather to open into the flood-gates of speech, so that a thousand readers who before were dumb and silent break forth into discussion. Great is the power of books! Wonderful the influence of the press! But the printing-press is only a patent drill that goes forth to sow the land with the great seed of civilization. But while the drill may scatter the wheat upon the cold ground, it may not pour warmth about the frozen clods or shed forth the refreshing dew or rain. When the living man called Luther, or Whitefield, or Wesley, or Beecher, or Brooks shines forth, then the mind lends warmth to frigid natures, calls down dew and rain upon the newly sown seed, and lends light and inspiration to dull and sodden natures.

It is indeed given to the printed page to teach the truth regarding axioms, or the nature of solids and fluids, but even then experiments in the laboratory strengthen the book. But, so far as moral truth is concerned, the truth is never the full truth until it is organized into personality, and flashes in the eye, or thrills in the voice, or glows in the reason, or guides through sound judgment. And so long as life is full of strife and conflict, so long as men are the children of misfortune, adversity and defeat, so long as troubles roll over the earth like sheeted storms, so long as dark minds need light and inspiration, and the pilgrim band, floundering through the wilderness, needs a leader, and a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night, will religion remain the guide, the hope, the friend and support of the people.

### THE GENIUS OF PREACHING

Preaching is man-making, man-mending and character-building. On the one side it is a science—the science of the development of all the powers, animal, mental, moral and social; the subordination of the lower impulses to the higher faculties, the symmetry and harmonization of all. The genius of preaching is truth in personality. Mighty is the written Word of God, but the Word never conquered until it was "made flesh." Truth in the book is crippled. Truth in the intellectual system is a skeleton. Truth in personality is life and power. Always the printed philosophy is less than the speaking philosopher. Wallace and Bruce had their power over the clansmen, not by written orders, but by riding at the head of the host. By the torch of burning speech Peter and Bernard kindled the ardor of the Crusaders. When to Luther's thought was added Luther's personality, Germany was freed. Savonarola's arguments were brought together in a solid chain of logic, but it has been said that his flaming heart made the chain of logic to be "chain lightning." The printed truth cuts with a sharp edge; the spoken truth burns as well as cuts.

Men have indeed been redeemed by the truth in black ink on white paper, but the truth quadruples its force when it is bound up in nerves, muscles and sinews. The soul may be taught by travel, books, friends, occupation. Yet these truths stand in the outer court of the soul. It is not given to them to enter into the secret holy of holies, where the hidden life doth dwell. Preaching is plying men with the eternal principles of duty and destiny, to give warmth to the frigid, wings to the dull and low-flying, clarity to reason, accuracy to moral judgment, force to aspiration, and freedom to faith. Truth is the arrow, but speech is the bow that sends it home.

The nature and functions of preaching grow out of the divine method of education and growth for men. God governs rocks by gravity, bees by instinct, trees by those grooves called natural laws. Man governs his locomotive by two rails and a flange upon the side of the wheel. Man, made in God's image, is the child of liberty, and God governs the pilgrim host through moral teachers into whose minds great truths are dropped from Heaven, and these men are sent on before the advancing multitude to lead them away from the slough, to guide them out of the wilderness and open up some spring in the desert.

It is possible to enrich dead things from the outside. Soft wood may be veneered with mahogany, nickel may be coated with silver and silver plated with gold, but living things must be developed from the inside. Would the husbandman have a rich flush upon the rose? Let him feed the roots. Would the mother have the bloom of beauty upon the cheek of the child? Let her feed the babe with good food, and the pure blood on the inside will lend the rosy tint to the cheek on the outside. Men cannot be made wise or strong or moral by exterior laws or agencies. The great spiritual principles of Jesus Christ are the most powerful stimulants to material civilization that the world has ever seen.

It is said that Shakespeare's poems bring thousands of visitors to Stratford every year. His poems indirectly have created more wealth for the people of Stratford than any of its factories or looms. It is still an open question whether Wyclif, with his translation of the Scriptures, has not done as much for the commerce of England as did Watt when he invented the tools that Wyclif had first made necessary. Shaftesbury once said that Charles Spurgeon, without discussing problems of government, had done more for social reform and progress than any statesman of his era.

### THE DIFFICULTIES OF PREACHING

In his Yale address, ex-President White lamented that young men were turning from the learned professions to enter trade and commerce. Materialism, he thought, was an evil spirit that had given its cup of sorcery to youth and beguiled them from the paths of noble scholarship and the intellectual life. Gone the poets Longfellow, Lowell, Bryant, Whittier. Gone the historians Bancroft, Motley, Prescott. Gone the great orators and statesmen. Gone also the era when young men like Channing and Starking, Swing and Beecher and Brooks, entered the ministry. And remembering that in New England the clergymen have founded the academies and colleges, and that in scores of families like the Emersons there had been seven generations of clergymen who had wrought in the pulpit, the lecture hall, or taken up the pen of author or editor, the great educator predicted disaster would befall our eager American society.

But not the emoluments of commerce alone explain the drift of young men away from the ministry. The ministry is not an easy life. No profession makes demands so numerous or so stern upon nerve and brain, upon mind and heart. In former times, when books were scarce, religious newspapers unknown, and knowledge was not universal, preaching was not a difficult task, and it was easily possible for a clergyman to preach a sermon three hours long in the morning and repeat it at night without the congregation recognizing it. Now all the hearers have books and libraries, and the pew of to-day is wiser than the pulpit of yesterday. The time has come when the preacher must be a universal scholar. He must make himself an expert in social reform; master the facts as to illiteracy, vice and crime; study the tenement-house question; all social movements in connection with settlements and methods of Christian work. He must carry his studies into physiology and hygiene to note how abnormal physical conditions affect the conscience and the spiritual state.

He must study history, politics, the rise of law, and free institutions, the movements of art, the history of philosophy, and, above all else, no facts in connection with science must be permitted to escape his notice. For his illustrations he must draw from the sciences of stars and stones and animals and plants. To keep step with his work he must read each month some review that deals with finance, reform, labor, education, and his own special problems, not forgetting the foreign quarterlies and magazines. In addition to all this there will be at least a hundred volumes each year that he must go through thoroughly, if possible, or hurriedly, if crowded. There are also public duties and demands. To-day he enters a home in which some woman, with little children clinging to her dress and crying bitterly, stands beside a young father, now dying. He returns home to find some youth, the child of poverty and orphanage, but of genius also, who needs help and assistance. When evening falls there comes the intellectual stress and task.

Immeasurable the demands upon nerve and brain! Now and then one arises who is called to the ministry by his distant ancestors, whose father loved moral themes, and had a vision and the outlook upon the realm invisible, whose mother had enthusiasm, imagination and moral sentiment—gateways, these, through which God's angels come trooping—and father and mother, through heredity, call the child to the ministry. For such a one teaching is automatic, and preaching is instinctive, and the work itself is medicinal and recuperative. But even upon these men, like Robertson and Channing and Bushnell, the mere strain of delivery is such as to send them home from the pulpit in a state of nervous collapse from which they do not recover until Tuesday or Wednesday. With many the recoil dismounts the cannon. In these days no man would be equal to the difficulties of the ministry did not the happiest of the professions bring its own rewards, carry medicine to cure its exhaustions.

### THE MINISTER'S FREEDOM OF THOUGHT AND ACTION

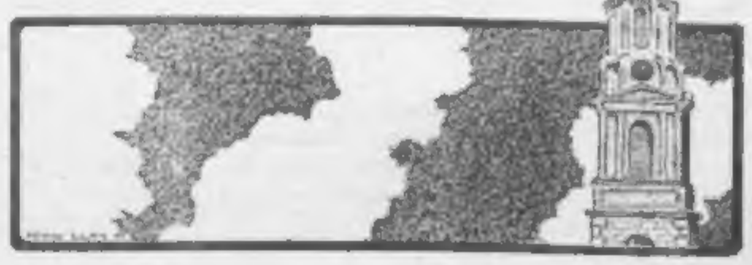
No other occupation or profession offers such liberty and personal freedom. The politician is a thread caught in the texture of his party, and has little freedom. The merchant must buy and sell what the people want, and must serve them. The lawyer must move in the groove digged by the mistake or sin of his client, while the clergyman is freely permitted to teach the great, eternal principles of God, and he steers by the stars.

Great is the power of the press; but the press writer has no personal contact with the reader, and he must report things evil often as well as good. Great is the power of the law. But law is litigious, and the jurist must struggle oftentimes for weeks or months to settle some quarrel, or correct some injustice, dealing, as Webster said, with negatives oftentimes. Great is the power of the physician. But, unfortunately, in influencing his patient his personality must first of all work upon an abnormal condition, and when the patient is restored to health and ready to receive the physician's personality, his task is done. In the ministry this advantage adheres. It emphasizes the great positive moralities, it handles the most powerful stimulants the world has ever known—eternal truths. It plies men with divine inspirations. It deals with the greatest themes life holds—God, Christ, conscience, reason, sin, salvation, culture, character, duty, immortal destiny. When all other arts have been secured, it teaches the art of right living. When all other sciences have been mastered, it teaches the science of right-conduct in the home, the market and the forum. It puts its stamp, not into wood that will rot, not into iron that will rust, not into colors that will fade, but into minds and hearts that are immortal.

Multiply the honors and emoluments of the other occupations one hundred fold and these need them all to compensate for the happiness and opportunity of the Christian ministry, seeking to make the church a college for the ignorant, a hospital for hurt hearts, an armory from which man may receive weapons, that opens up springs in life's desert, plants a palm in life's burning sands.

Well did John Ruskin say that the issues of life and death for modern society are in the pulpit. "Precious, indeed, those thirty minutes by which the preacher tries to get at the separate hearts of a thousand men to convince them of all their weaknesses, to shame them for all their sin, to warn them of all their dangers, to try by this way and that to stir the hard fastenings of the doors where the Master himself has stood and knocked, yet none opened, and to call at the openings of those dark streets where Wisdom herself hath stretched forth her hands and no man regarded. Thirty minutes to raise the dead in."

And he who hath known the joy of encouraging some noble youth who is discouraged, the rapture that comes when at least one who hath been long snared and held in the cruel trap hath been freed, the joy of knowing that blind eyes have come to see things unseen, and deaf ears to hear notes that once were unheard, or hath swung wide some dungeon door to lead forth some prisoner of conscience, will know that there is no profession that conceals such hidden springs, receives such hidden messages, is fed with such buoyancy and happiness as the ministry.



Editor's Note—The publication of Julian Ralph's series on The Making of a Journalist will be resumed in the issue for September 23. Newell Dwight Hillis' article on The Ministry, which appears this week in its stead, is the fifth paper in the series, The Choice of a Profession.

# GENTLEMEN OF THE SEA

## A HISTORY OF AMERICAN PRIVATEERS*

By Edgar S. Maclay

*Barney's Escape from Old Mill Prison*

THE American prisoners of the armed brig Pomona were taken to England, in 1781, and incarcerated in Mill Prison, near Portsmouth.

It was a massive stone building in the centre of an extensive court. This court was shut in by a high wall, and twenty feet beyond that was another wall, parallel to the first, completely surrounding it. The only apertures in these walls were a gate in each, the inner one being formed with massive iron bars eight feet high. The outer gate during the day was left open so as to allow free communication between the keepers and their dwellings, which were placed outside the outer wall. Between eight o'clock in the morning and sunset the prisoners were allowed the privilege of the inner court, but at night they were securely locked in the prison house. Many sentinels were stationed among the prisoners in the inner court and in the prison itself, besides the regular patrols on the two encircling walls and at the gates.

Many attempts to escape were made by the Americans during the period of their confinement in Mill Prison, and some of them were successful.

Lieutenant Joshua Barney, one of the prisoners, had served as first officer in the privateer Pomona. Barney soon came to be suspected as bold and dangerous, and at one time was placed in heavy double irons and confined thirty days in a dark dungeon for a "suspected" attempt to escape. This solitary confinement determined him to effect his escape at the earliest possible moment. Realizing that he was watched more than any of the others, Barney resorted to a ruse to deceive his keepers.

When the common liberty of the yard was allowed the prisoners, it was their custom to while away their time with athletic games. Indulging in a game of leap-frog with his companions one day, Barney pretended to have sprained his ankle, and for some time after that walked about with crutches. This seems to have entirely thrown the jailers off their guard.

Among the soldiers who had been detailed to guard Mill Prison at this time was a man who had served in the British Army in the United States. He had received some kindness from the Americans, and he now delighted in showing civility to the prisoners from that country. Barney soon discovered this, and managed to hold several conversations with the soldier, which resulted in a warm friendship springing up between them. On May 18, 1781, it was this soldier's turn to mount guard between the two gates of the inner and outer walls of the prison, his hours being from noon till two o'clock. An understanding had been reached between them, and on the day mentioned Barney, hobbling about on his crutches, gradually drew near the gate, and, observing that no one was near, whispered interrogatively through the bars, "To-day?" to which the soldier replied in a low tone, "Dinner." From this answer Barney knew that one o'clock was meant, for at that hour all the jailers took dinner, leaving only the sentinels on guard.

Hastening to his cell, Barney put on the undress uniform of a British officer which he had secured, and threw over it his greatcoat. This coat he had been wearing about the prison since the "spraining" of his ankle, so that he would not "catch cold." As a matter of fact, Barney had worn the coat so as to accustom the jailers to seeing him in it, for it reached quite down to his heels and entirely concealed any dress or uniform that he might choose to wear. Having made this change, Barney stepped out of his cell, though still using his crutches, and sought the confidential friends who were to assist him in his escape. At a given signal these friends repaired to different parts of the yard and engaged the various sentinels in conversation.

Barney cast aside his crutches, entered the court and boldly walked toward the gate. Here he exchanged a wink with the sentinel, from which he knew that all was right. Beside the gate stood a tall, muscular man, a prisoner, an accomplice of Barney's. With the agility of a cat, Barney sprang upon this man's shoulders and then over the wall. It took him but an instant to whip off his greatcoat and throw it over his arm, and thrusting four guineas into the hand of the friendly sentinel, he started toward the outer gate, which, as usual, was standing open. The back of the guardian of the outer gate was turned, so that Barney passed through unchallenged. Walking leisurely down the road, he in a few minutes arrived at the house of a well-known friend of the American cause.

The good people consented to hide the prisoner. Contrary to their fears, no inquiry was made for Barney that day, for his escape had not yet been discovered. Barney had arranged with a slender youth to answer to Barney's name in his cell every day at roll-call. In the evening Barney was taken to the house of his host's father, a venerable clergyman of Plymouth, where it was customary for Americans, whether free or in bondage, to resort. Here he found two friends awaiting an opportunity to return to America.

Arrangements were soon made to purchase a fishing-smack, in which they were to make their way to France, where they had a much better chance to secure passage to the United States. A suitable craft was secured, and the two gentlemen, with their servant, slept in it that night. Among the effects of the servant Barney found a suit of rough clothes, which he put on over his uniform, as being better adapted for carrying out the rôle of fisherman he was about to assume.

No time was lost in getting under way, for at any moment Barney's escape might be discovered, and the alarm would immediately be given to Admiral Digby's fleet, which was anchored in the mouth of the river. They passed the fleet, and Barney boldly stood out to sea.

Just as the shores of England began to fade a sail loomed up on the horizon, and was soon made out to be a swift-sailing vessel evidently in pursuit of the smack. In a few minutes she had come alongside, and sent a boat aboard with an officer. The sail proved to be a privateer, and to her officer's demand of what was on board the smack and where she was bound, Lieutenant Barney replied:

"I have nothing on board, and am bound to the coast of France."

"Your business there?" asked the officer.

"I cannot disclose to you my business"; and untying the rope that bound his greatcoat around him, Barney showed his British uniform. The sight of the uniform had its desired effect. The privateersman instantly changed his commanding tone to one of respect, and touched his hat. Following up his advantage, Barney said in a severe tone:

WITH THE AGILITY OF A CAT, BARNEY SPRANG UPON THIS MAN'S SHOULDERS AND THEN OVER THE WALL

"Sir, I must not be detained; you must suffer me to proceed or you will, perhaps, find cause to regret it."

To this the boarding officer politely replied that he would immediately report to his commander. This he did, but in a few minutes the Captain of the privateer himself came aboard, and, though very polite, he desired to know what business could carry a British officer to the enemy's coast.

"I should be very sorry to stop you, sir," he said, "if you are on public business; and if this be the fact, it must surely be in your power to give me some proof of it without disclosing the secrets of Government."

Barney replied that to show him such proofs would be to hazard the success of his mission.

"Then, sir," replied the privateersman, "I shall be under the necessity of carrying you to England."

"Do as you please," said Barney calmly, "but remember it is at your peril. All I have to say further, sir, is that if you persist in interrupting my voyage I must demand of you to carry me directly on board Admiral Digby's flagship, at Plymouth."

But all to no purpose, for the Englishman decided to take them to Plymouth.

All that night the two vessels were beating their way back to the English coast, and on the following morning they entered a small port about six miles from Plymouth. Here the English commander, leaving Barney aboard the privateer, went ashore to make his report to Admiral Digby, and under pretense of keeping out of the way of press gangs nearly all the crew went ashore also. The few that remained aboard treated Barney with the respect due to his assumed character, and he was allowed every liberty save that of going ashore. Seizing a favorable opportunity when those aboard were at dinner, Barney slid down a rope over the stern and got into a boat.

As he approached the shore many of the idlers came to the landing to watch him, but made no attempt to interfere. Boldly jumping ashore, he called for aid to haul his boat up. Several responded, when Barney was startled by a loud call:

"Hullo, there! Where did you catch her? What has she got aboard?"

Looking around, Barney saw that he was addressed by the custom-house officer. He soon satisfied that important person that he had nothing of a contraband nature. Before leaving, however, he dispelled whatever suspicions might have been lingering in the custom-house officer's mind by asking:

"Pray, sir, can you tell me where our people are?"

"I think, sir, you'll find them all at the Red Lion, the very last house in the village."

"Thank you, sir. I wish you a very good morning," and with that the American walked off in the direction indicated.

It was the least of Barney's desires to meet any of "our people," but he found that there was only one street in the village, so that he was compelled to pass the Red Lion. He passed the tavern unperceived, as he thought, but just as he had turned the corner he heard a gruff voice calling after him:

"Hullo, Lieutenant! I'm glad you're come ashore. We wus jist some on us to off arter you."

"And what for, pray?" asked Barney with considerable uneasiness.

"Why, maybe as how some on us might ship if we knowed a thing or two."

Barney saw at once that his assumed disguise had gained full credence among the sailors in the privateers, and that some of them believed through his interest they could get better berths in Admiral Digby's fleet. Engaging the man in conversation, and at the same time walking rapidly away from the Red Lion so as to get away from the rest of the men, Barney gave encouragement to the seaman's idea of shipping in the fleet, when the latter suddenly asked:

"Where are you going?"

"To Plymouth. Come, you might as well go along."

The tar finally said he'd go back to his old shipmates.

As soon as the tar was out of sight Barney quickened his pace into a run lest he be overtaken by others of the crew. Then he deemed it advisable to jump over a hedge and seclude himself in a private garden.

On leaping over the hedge he found himself in the superb private grounds of Lord Edgecombe. Wandering about in search of the servants' house, he was discovered by the gardener, who was much incensed by the intrusion. Barney pacified him by explaining that he had injured his leg and was seeking the shortest way to Plymouth. Giving the gardener a tip, Barney was shown to a private gate opening on the river, and hailing a butcher who was going by in a small wherry with two sheep to market our adventurer got aboard. By this means Barney avoided the necessity of crossing the river by the public ferry, and also that of passing by Mill Prison and of the chance of meeting the guard.

That night Barney gained the house of the venerable clergyman whom he had left only the morning before. While seated at supper, laughing over his hapless adventures, the bell of the town-crier was heard under the windows, and a reward of five guineas for the apprehension of Joshua Barney, a rebel deserter from Mill Prison, was proclaimed.

Three days longer the fugitive remained in his place of concealment, by which time a fashionable suit of clothes was procured for him and a post-chaise was engaged to take him to Exeter. At midnight Barney, accompanied by one of the clergyman's sons, repaired to the secluded spot where the vehicle was in waiting, and, bidding farewell to his friends, stepped in and was rapidly driven away. Reaching the gate of the town, they were brought to by a stern "Halt!" from the sentry. The driver obeyed, and in a moment an officer thrust a lantern into the carriage and began reading aloud the exact description of the person and dress Barney had worn in his escape from the prison. Of course the dress had been changed, and Barney succeeded so well in distorting his features that the facial description did not fit.

At Exeter our adventurer took the stage to Bristol, and from there made his way to London, Holland and France; and finally, at Corunna, he secured passage in the Massachusetts privateer Cicero, Captain Hill. The Cicero arrived at Beverly, Massachusetts, late in December.

Two years after the miraculous escape of Lieutenant Barney from Mill Prison he again visited Plymouth, then as Captain of the United States frigate General Washington. He took occasion to give a dinner aboard his ship, which his friends who aided in his escape, besides all the British officers in the town and on the station, attended. Barney learned that the manner of his escape still remained a mystery to the prison officials, and no suspicion had attached to those who aided him. Barney also visited the gardener who unconsciously had been instrumental in saving the fugitive from recapture, and gave him a purse of gold.

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**Editor's Note—This is the third and last paper in this series. The first appeared in the issue of July 22; the second appeared in the issue of August 12.**

## American Bridges for the World

The Phœnix Bridge Company received a request from M. de Routkowsky, the Washington agent of the Russian Minister of Finance, last February, to submit bids for twelve bridges for the Chinese Eastern Railroad, a branch of the Trans-Siberian road. We called upon the agent at Washington the next day and supplied him with data, which he carried with him to St. Petersburg, starting the same day, and we also sent our estimate by cable direct to General Stanislaus H. Kerbedz, Vice-President of the road, at St. Petersburg.

Our proposition was accepted by cable, and the work was ordered early in March. The order was subsequently increased by six bridges, making eighteen in all. The first shipment was to be ready early in June, and the second early in July. Both were filled promptly, and the goods have been shipped to Russia on board the freighter Puritan, which also carried the forty locomotives ordered for the road from the Baldwin Works, of Philadelphia, a thousand tons of rails and a large quantity of machinery.

M. de Routkowsky explained to us that the Finance Minister wanted bids from several American firms, as the management were in urgent need of the bridges and could not depend on the foreign market for prompt delivery.

The construction of the Trans-Siberian road is a difficult operation at the best, and the progress has been slow; but political events of the past year in the far East have made it necessary that the work should be expedited, and, therefore, America was called upon to furnish material which could not be procured in Europe in the same length of time.

The road at present extends to Lake Baikal; thence three routes are projected to the sea. One is semicircular in shape, and goes through Russian territory exclusively, ending at Vladivostok. This is the Trans-Siberian route. The other two cross Manchuria to Kirin, thence one branch goes east to Vladivostok and the other south to Port Arthur. These latter two branches belong to the Eastern Chinese Company, the President of which is a high Chinese official, but the work is in the hands of Vice-President Kerbedz and a staff of competent Russian engineers. These routes will be completed first, and our bridges will be set up in China. The work at present is progressing rapidly from Port Arthur, north.

This exportation of American bridges has roused considerable comment, coming as it did at the close of the Spanish war, which has opened more widely to America the markets of the far East. It is not, however, an unusual order for the Phœnix Bridge Company. They have been constructing more or less foreign work for the past twenty years. They have built bridges in Peru, the Argentine Republic, in Central America, the United States of Colombia, Venezuela and Japan.

One of the most notable pieces of foreign work considering the time, perhaps, was the building of the Verrugus Viaduct in Peru, about twenty years ago. One result of the late war has been to enlarge our horizon in trade and manufactures, and the people evidently have grasped at this exportation as an index of the future. It had a peculiar significance at this time, and the publicity following the contract gave an impetus to this branch of trade.

For instance, the other day we had inquiries from London, New Zealand and Cape Colony. The notices given to this Chinese order have evidently called the attention of foreigners to the fact that railroads desiring bridges can get as good designs, equal quality of material and workmanship, and much quicker service here than in Europe.

They do not appreciate abroad what it is to do work quickly. The men are not trained, as ours are. The managers are more deliberate in their methods, the machinery they use is not so economical, nor so rapid, as that used in this country, and the workmen lack our American push. It was a matter of time, quite as much as anything else, that gave this order to us.

These eighteen spans which we have shipped have a total tonnage of nearly one thousand, by no means an unusually large order. We were called upon to furnish first order in ninety days and second order of six spans in thirty days, by no means rapid work for an American bridge builder. As an example, some time ago we received an order from a Pacific railroad for a thousand tons of bridges, which we finished in thirty days. But we turned out this Chinese work much more rapidly than any concern in Europe was able to do, or at least that was the belief of the Russian Government, or we should not have received the order.

The outlook for American manufactures has never been brighter than it is now. No other country in the world stands better in this regard. Nature has bountifully blessed us with inexhaustible supplies of ore and fuel; American mills and shops have reached the highest efficiency; American designs are the most economical. Germany is the only other land which rivals us in this last particular.

English methods in the manufacture and design of metal structures have been so conservative that England has slipped backward in the march. Even Russia more nearly approaches our practice in designing than England. America made the locomotives that are to run over the tracks of the London Underground Railroad. Think of that—American locomotives in the heart of England's capital!

American bridges stand equally high in foreign estimation. There are three important reasons for this: Economy in design; suitability for any condition that may exist; their cheapness and the facility with which they may be erected. No matter where an American bridge is sent it may be put together readily and with the least trouble, and without unnecessary expense.

If it had not been for our protective tariff on metals we could not have reached this satisfactory condition so soon. We do not need any particular nursing now, but it is nearly time for England to put a tariff on the metal work she must buy.

In closing, let me refer again to the result of the publicity accorded to this bridge contract. It greatly increased our correspondence at once. We received letters from all parts of the country, from manufacturers, merchants, workmen and engineers, asking for information regarding the chances for work in the far East. Our people seemed to realize that we have entered upon a new field, and they wanted to get every item of value to them in opening up inquiries with proper parties in these new countries to American trade.

GENERAL PORFIRIO DIAZ
PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

## The Growth of the Trusts and Their Standing with the People

For the next twelve months we are to hear a great deal about trusts, and are to decide what we think of their viciousness or their usefulness. The issue is gathering in size and interest every minute. To-day they really control what we eat, what we wear—a new corset trust will even try to squeeze the ladies—and a large part of what we read. They transport us, entertain us, and finally bury us. They run from cradles to coffins, from matches to mills, from biscuits to books. They dominate the financial situation, and they are the biggest thing in politics. Both parties repudiate them, and while Mr. Bryan declares "that the Republican party is impotent to destroy the trusts, because the trusts are responsible for the success of the Republican party," the Republicans announce in their platform uncompromising opposition to illegal and injurious combinations. A leading financial authority calls the whole trust movement "a gambling transaction on an enormous scale," and declares that it has spent its force. Estimates show that the capitalization of the trust organizations for the present year will exceed twice the volume of currency, or five times the bonded indebtedness of the country.

What should be done with all this gigantic speculation? "A tax of ten per cent. annually, like the tax on the State banknotes on all securities in excess of the actual property of the company," is a Chicago suggestion which has received favorable consideration in the newspapers. Much more general is the declaration of the American Anti-Trust League, whose purpose is "to arouse the only power on earth that is stronger than the power of money in public life: that power is the patriotic impulses of the people." But the trusts keep on prospering in spite of parties and papers and platforms.

## Increasing the Price of Meat and Decreasing the Price of Sugar

Some hold that the trusts actually do good, that they turn out the best products at the lowest cost, thus saving for the consumer. There have been two instances recently. Within the month the price of beef in Chicago rose four cents. The markets of other cities were, of course, affected. The beef business of the country is controlled by five great packers. The situation is entirely in their hands. They stated that they had to pay more because the price of cattle went up. Others not in the trust charged that it was simply a mulcting of the public, and all kinds of opposition movements were suggested. But the cattlemen controlled the cattle ranches, and had their own transportation contracts.

At the same time, the sugar trust, which has never been given to voluntary philanthropy, reduced the prices of sugar to an extent calculated to mean a loss of one and a half million dollars a year. This trust has always claimed that by its system of combination it could give the consumer sugar at the lowest possible cost. It can cite figures to prove that the cost of sugar has been gradually reduced ever since it got control of the situation. But in this case the sugar trust is not surrendering one and a half million dollars a year to show its love for the dear public. A big opposition has arisen, and the reduction was simply a movement in the game when two great combinations began to fight. It proved nothing as to the value of trusts to the public, for, of course, whether one wins or whether the battle ends in a compromise, the people will eventually have to pay for it all.

## A Large Success from Many Failures Achieved Through a General Combination

It is not always easy to tell where legitimate combination ends and where illegitimate trust begins. But there seems to be no question that combination is necessary in these modern times. A fine illustration is the fact that the Southern Railway system has reached a dividend-paying basis. It has been largely due to the remarkably efficient work of the President, Samuel Spencer, who, like most railroad men who have done great things, began in a humble capacity, having served as a brakeman.

Under the different managements of the old lines various roads were failures. By combining these lines into a system, which now reaches 5958 miles, success has been achieved, and the significant fact in contrast is that over these same routes, under separate competitions, it cost nearly three times as much to move a ton of freight as it does now.

Indeed, combination is doing wonders everywhere. Take our postal service, for instance. In some parts of the country the farmers are having their mail delivered at their doors, and they are finding that they are getting more work out of their day because the Government is saving them the time for sending for the mail. If all the other trusts were managed as well and as economically as the postal service there could be no doubt about the increased cheapness of living in this country.

## A Hundred Thousand People Interested in One Consolidation

It should be remembered that the combination idea is not confined exclusively to the plutocrats, who, going about rather more quietly than the roaring lion, are supposed to seek all whom they may absorb. The people generally seem to appreciate the idea of working together. An illustration of it is seen at Fall River, that remarkable manufacturing town of Massachusetts, which furnishes more print cloths than any other place in the world. The Fall River factories are generally owned and operated by the people of the city. They form an industry which represents the living of one hundred thousand people. Recently a movement was started to combine all these interests under one great organization, thus saving hundreds of salaries, and by simplicity of control increasing the profits. The progress of this plan will be watched with interest, although it is already stated that the larger trusts are anxious to get control of the combined properties. The objection sounded against the plan is, that it would drive away all the higher-paid employees and convert the city into a manufacturing village made up simply of the operatives, with the few overseers and Presidents. This is really one of the darker promises of the trust movement, which cares nothing for the individual.

## President Diaz, of Mexico, to See the Greatness of His Neighbor

In England the trusts are multiplying and in other countries they have begun to prosper. Mexico has not yet complained seriously of them, but, as she recently borrowed $110,000,000 through American bankers, possibly President Diaz seized the opportunity of invitations to visit Chicago and Philadelphia next month to see for himself how wealth is being made here. In many things he has followed American examples greatly to Mexico's advantage—for instance, the eight thousand miles of railroad and the forty-one thousand miles of telegraph that have been built in Mexico since he became President. President Diaz, who is now in his sixty-eighth year, will travel in a special train, and his trip will be a triumphal tour.

## Big Opportunities for Money-Making that Come with the Large Increase of Wealth

Naturally, the opposition to trusts grows as people see them taking such large shares of the new riches. But then, somebody must make money, and the big fellows, as usual, get the most of it. The wealth of this country has taken a mighty leap, and, indeed, the whole world is prospering. Miners are digging $60,000,000 more of gold this year than last, and they will dig $60,000,000 more next year than this. According to a recent report of the Geological Survey, the mineral wealth of the United States has increased almost a hundred per cent. since 1880, and it now amounts to the extraordinary total of about $700,000,000 a year. There never was such prosperity among the manufacturers.

With plenty, prices go up. Trusts look at the totals, and on fractions of increase make their millions. It thus costs more to live. Food is dearer, taxes are higher, and with a foreign war on hand and an army of 100,000 to support there are no immediate signs of a lower rate. In many instances wages have been advanced; but, taking the country as a whole, it is an open question whether or not the average man is getting more or whether or not the trusts are monopolizing his share. What do you think about it?

# MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

*Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries.*

### How Mayor Harrison Boomed the Janitor

Mayor Carter H. Harrison, of Chicago, tells his closest friends of an incident of his recent successful campaign for reëlection that has escaped the reporters. How he "played second fiddle," as he says, to the chief janitor of the city hall, and diplomatically turned confusion and apathy into a boom for an Aldermanic candidate, is related by the city's chief executive.

*CARTER H. HARRISON*

"I hurried to a hall in the Fifteenth Ward," said Mayor Harrison, "where I was to make one of the last speeches of my campaign. Jostling through a great crowd before the entrance to the hall, I was surprised to learn that what looked to be an overflow meeting was a locked-out throng. The doors of the hall were closed, and the proprietor refused to open them until $10 due as rent had been paid.

"I quickly paid the sum due and the crowd was admitted to the hall. No one appeared to introduce me. That such a thing could be possible on the last night of the campaign I thought queer. Naturally I became impatient. Resolving to husband my time, for I had other meetings to address, I introduced myself by beginning: 'Fellow-citizens——' A great noise interrupted me. A band was playing one of the popular marches and cheers were being given for some one. The doors flew open and in marched John W. Gildea, Democratic candidate for Alderman, carrying his broad-rimmed hat on his arm and wearing a satisfied smile that seemed to say: 'Behold, I am coming at the head of my legions.'

"Captain Farrell never stepped more majestically in front of the Cook County Marching Club than Gildea did coming down the aisle.

"It took me but an instant to see that it was a Gildea meeting. Of course I devoted my remarks to encomiums on the chief janitor of the city hall. When I said that he would make a good Alderman the meeting applauded. My speech was well received, although I said nothing about the Mayoralty candidate. Gildea was defeated."

### Pleasing the Young Women at Any Cost

The national movement for pensions for school teachers which is now engaging the attention of the public has no more influential advocate than Colonel Alexander P. Ketchum, former Chief Appraiser of the Port of New York, and a member of the School Board for Manhattan. Colonel Ketchum has lived in the metropolis since 1839, and one of his hobbies has been the schools and the school teachers. The women in the profession have found in him a most ardent advocate for any cause leading to their betterment.

Not long ago there was considerable argument over a change in salaries and status. "Merit" held a large place in the examinations, and the question as to what merit really meant was raised. The women held that a superintendent could push a favorite forward who stood only fairly well in his examinations by making up the difference on "merit," and they added that the favorites seemed to be always men. The meeting was held late, and with the hours the controversy grew more and more heated. Finally, as it approached almost an informal caucus, Colonel Ketchum rose and started to make one of his flowery speeches about woman being the best thought of the Creator, and so on, when a Commissioner from the East Side nervously interposed:

"This is all very nice, Mr. President, but it is not pertinent to the question."

"Oh, it isn't, is it?" replied the Colonel sarcastically; "well, neither is anything else here. I tell you, these dear young ladies don't know what they want themselves, and they are determined to have it, and what's more, they are going to get it."

### Why Professor Russell Knew it Word for Word

Miss Helen Gould is a graduate of the law department of the University of the City of New York, and her instructor was Professor Isaac Franklin Russell, dean of the law college, who is responsible for the admission of more women to the bar than any other man in the world. In addition to his learning, Professor Russell is famed for the lucidity of his style in lecturing. He is able to make the most perplexing legal problems as clear as simple arithmetic, even to the minds of the dullest pupil. Once the Professor was lecturing on contracts before a large class of young women. He was explaining the question of consideration, and one of the pupils found the subject difficult. With wonderful patience the Professor went over the definition and illustrations half a score of times. Finally he said:

"If you will turn to page 170 of the text-book beside you, chapter 28, you will read, 'A bailor leaves a traveling-bag with his friend for safe keeping, or the merchant asks a neighbor to deposit a $1000 bill to credit in the bank: in each of these cases we have to find the consideration in the trust and confidence reposed by the bailor in the bailee.' This principle," he added, "is illustrated by the famous case of Coggs *vs.* Bernard, Smith's Leading Cases, 199."

"My!" exclaimed the pupil, in wide-mouthed amazement. "I trust," continued the Professor, a trifle dubiously, "that I have made it plain to you."

"Oh, dear, no!" returned the pupil. "I don't understand it a bit better. But won't you please tell me how you manage to remember the very words of all that stuff in that horrid book?"

"Perhaps one reason," replied the Professor, as he turned to the next subject with a little sigh of resignation, "is that I wrote that horrid book."

### Colonel Sinn's Practical Stage Purification

Colonel William E. Sinn, the famous theatrical manager who died a few weeks ago in the Berkshire Hills, will long be remembered for his services to the vaudeville stage. During his career he would not allow anything to be said or done in a performance which, to use his own words, "would not suit a parlor."

On one occasion a vaudeville performer applied to the Colonel for employment. The latter refused.

"Did you ever see my specialty?" asked the Thespian.

"I did."

"Well, that would suit a parlor, wouldn't it?"

"It might and probably would suit some parlors," replied the Colonel, "but only after the occupants had all gone out."

### Colonel Cody Loses Faith in a Theory

Colonel William F. Cody, more imposing in robust middle age even than he was in his early days, had an experience not long ago which has shattered his belief in two generally accepted theories as to animal training. It was behind the scenes of the Wild West Show, where the bucking broncbos and other unmanageable horses are kept. The Colonel was showing a friend from the far West around the show.

"How do you manage horses?" asked the visitor.

"Through fear or kindness," answered the Colonel. "Some horses can be tamed by kindness, but with others fear is the only way to conquer them. Now, all of these horses that do not love me, fear me. I am as safe here as in my room at the hotel."

"I don't agree with you at all," interposed the visitor. "I believe that the human eye excites a fascination that no wild animal can resist. I have paralyzed horses and mules, bears, and even panthers, with a glance. Now, take that beast over there," and he pointed to a humpbacked pony that was gnawing viciously at its tether; "watch me fascinate it."

"It will be quiet, all right," said the Colonel skeptically, "because it is afraid of me."

The stranger fixed his eyes on the eyes of the pony and looked long and hard. Maybe the pony regarded it as an impertinence, possibly he didn't notice it at all, but was simply restless. At all events, with a sudden jerk he broke his tether and dashed at the Colonel and his friend. They gave a wild call for help and ran to shelter. A cowboy came to their release, and a few minutes later the pony was gnawing its tether once more. After the show that night the Colonel asked his friend what he thought of the fascination theory.

"About as much as I do of your fear theory," he replied. "When it comes to bucking broncbos I guess a cowboy is about as good a tamer as you can find."

"I guess he is," said the Colonel.

### A Gorgeous Gift for an Unbidden Guest

Even Helen Gould is not more democratic than her beautiful sister-in-law, Mrs. George J. Gould, formerly Edith Kingdon, the actress. The old story is revived to the effect that she will entertain elaborately this winter in her New York palace, which has been closed since the marriage of her husband's sister to Count Castellane.

*ISAAC FRANKLIN RUSSELL*

No better illustration of Mrs. Gould's amiability can be given than an incident of her last trip through the far West in her husband's private car. Mr. Gould was looking over his Southwestern railroad properties, and in addition to Mrs. Gould and his children he was accompanied by several railroad officers, and most of the journey was made on a special train. In New Mexico, however, it was necessary to add the Gould car to a regular passenger train for a few hours. This train made the regular stops. At a lonely siding a shabbily dressed woman and a lanky little old-fashioned girl of seven or eight boarded by mistake the car in which Mrs. Gould and her children were, and the blunder was not discovered by the train hands.

The woman gasped with astonishment at the elegance of her surroundings, and the little girl timidly shrank into her sunbonnet.

"I guess this must be one of them parlor cars?" said the woman to one of the Gould maids.

Before the servant could reply, Mrs. Gould sat down beside the pair and asked whether she could not get something to eat or drink for them.

"Thank you kindly, mum," said the woman, "but we eat just before leavin' hum. But that was before sunrise."

Mrs. Gould beckoned to the maid, and in a few minutes a table was spread with a light luncheon.

"We are just having luncheon. Won't you take a bite?"

Over the meal the woman told her story. She was going to Las Vegas to attend the marriage of her eldest daughter to a young stockman. She had not seen a railroad train since leaving the East a dozen years before. She lacked only one thing to make her perfectly happy. She was too poor to buy her daughter a suitable present.

"What did you want to buy her?" asked Mrs. Gould.

"I had set my heart on a brooch."

Mrs. Gould left the table and went to a jewel case in the safe and brought out a handsome Oriental brooch from the World's Fair—a gorgeous piece of enamel work fringed with stones and made of gold.

"Would this do?" she asked, smiling.

The woman almost cried with pleasure.

"But can you spare it?" she inquired. "It must be worth five or six dollars!"

*MRS. GEORGE GOULD*

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Mrs. Gould reassured her on that point and the luncheon was resumed. When the train reached Las Vegas it is difficult to tell who was the more astonished, a thin young woman on the platform, whose eyes were dazzled by a hundred-dollar brooch, or the train conductor, who saw for the first time the passengers in the private car, and turned pale when he thought of the consequences.

### How Dewey Broke Down Social Bars

Miss Thompson, the only newspaper woman at Manila during the siege, has lately returned to America crowned with laurels. She says she owes her fame to Dewey.

"Admiral Dewey is a knight of the old school, I trow," Miss Thompson wrote to a friend in the East. "He heard that I was all alone in the city and that the officers' wives would not notice me because I was a bread-winner; and what do you think he did? He called upon me in state, and dined with me; then I was the first lady in the land."

When the Admiral was asked about the incident, he seemed annoyed but said: "Why, that wasn't anything. Every American woman is the first lady in the land."

## *TOLD MORE BRIEFLY*

**How Two Brothers Prospered.**—Carl Haeuser, the German humorist of New York, says that he met a friend one day who looked very prosperous, although a few months before he had been quite shabby.

"You are doing well now?" asked Haeuser.

"Making money," was the response, "selling the only genuine indelible ink in the market."

"How's your brother?"

"Doing finely with an ink eradicator which takes out my ink instantaneously."

**Both Were Pleased.**—Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, the poet, reads the modern languages very easily, but speaks them imperfectly. At a reception held in New York just prior to his leaving for Europe, Roberts was introduced to a distinguished French artist, who was here on a visit. The artist asked in his own tongue: "You speak French?"

"No," answered the poet; "I am sorry I do not, but I understand it well when it is spoken to me."

"I am so glad," replied the Frenchman; "you are the audience I have long wanted. I can talk to you all I please and you cannot talk back!"

**They Knew His Business.**—Professor Frank Rees, of Columbia University, who holds the chair of astronomy there, was a visitor recently at a county fair, where he soon made himself quite popular. While resting in a refreshment tent he overheard women discussing him.

"So he's an astronomer? I wonder how it pays?" said one.

"Pretty well," said another; "he tells fortunes from the stars at fifty cents apiece."

"That isn't all," added a third; "he makes almanacs, with jokes and advice to take pills in the spring, and the druggists pay him as much as fifty dollars for them."

The Professor rose and fled.

**A Popular Fish.**—Senator Thomas C. Platt has been a regular patron of a certain hotel on Coney Island for many years. Behind the huge hostelry is Sheepshead Bay, a favorite resort for amateur fishermen. On one occasion a guest went fishing and returned in the afternoon with his catch, which was some mysterious denizen of the deep. His friends crowded around and had much fun over the queer captive.

"It is all jaw!"

"It is all cheek!"

"It's skin and bones!"

"It's—but what do you call it?" asked the Senator.

"I don't know its scientific name," said the angler, "but we call it a 'New York Politician.'"

# The TRAGEDY at the GAYETY THEATRE

## By Molly Elliot Seawell

TO BELONG to the stock company of the little Gayety Theatre in New Orleans about 1817, or even to be sole lessee and manager of that temple of dramatic art, might not seem to be a very brilliant destiny in these degenerate days; yet there were many people worse off than honest, red-headed Tim Mullins, the manager, and the ten or a dozen actors and actresses who figured on the play bills as "a matchless constellation of artists."

They were all very good sort of people and lived decently. Being the only English-speaking theatrical company in the town, they were much like a large family, and helped each other over the stony places in the road. Their squabbles were mostly professional, and signified nothing.

There was that terrible duel, which didn't come off, between Tim Mullins and his leading man, in which an ocean of gore was to be spilt, and wasn't. This was only prevented by Mrs. Everson, leading "heavy" among the ladies, who, accompanied by all the women, marched into the manager's office, and declaring that Tim owed her two weeks' salary—which he didn't—announced she meant to keep him there until the arrival of a minion of the law—one could be arrested for debt in those days. And she actually held on to him, not by moral suasion or syren charms, but by planting her substantial figure on the manager's prostrate form; she had got him down on the floor in his frantic struggles to reach the door.

Meanwhile, Dick Heriot, juvenile and walking gentleman, backed up by all the men of the company, including the call-boy, fetched a policeman, who menaced the leading man, Augustus Lavigne—his real name was Reuben Jones, and he was graduated from a hardware shop in Connecticut. The upshot of it was that the manager and his leading man agreed in thinking themselves joint victims, and shook hands with mutual commiseration, instead of shedding each other's blood.

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Tim Mullins was an honest little Irishman, with a brogue as broad and as long as the Giant's Causeway. He was a staunch supporter of the Bard of Avon, on professional as well as artistic grounds.

"For," he would say, "wasn't the fellow a manager like mesilf? and it doesn't become a manager to show any want of confidence in a fellow-manager. And besides, the craytur had Irish blood in him, I'll swear—or how could he know so much about fighting and making love?"

It was a part of Tim's creed, when in doubt, to play Shakespeare—and the nerve and pluck he showed in giving the productions of the late manager of the Globe Theatre, in Blackfriars, might well be the admiration and the despair of New York and London managers of to-day. He was no more daunted by Midsummer Night's Dream or Henry IV than he was by The Taming of the Shrew, and always gave Hamlet on the twenty-third of April, with himself in the title rôle.

If the public showed indifference to these performances, it irritated Tim but did not swerve him from his purpose.

"I'm a-tryin' to elevate the masses, I am," he would declare with noble heat, "and I'll keep on, if I never elevate 'em one single peg. Ladies and gentlemen, Macbeth's the bill for to-morrow night, and if the theayter ain't half full we'll give 'em Cymbeline the next night, and if there ain't a corporal's guard in the house that night, bedad, we'll do Hamlet the night after. It sha'n't be said that I forsook a man like Shakespeare, and a fellow-manager, too, when he needed a helpin' hand."

It was not often, though, that the little theatre was only half full, for with all Tim's brogue and red head he was a good manager and a just one. The people that he got about him could act, and he required that they should be respectable. The ghost never failed to walk Saturday nights, and as for the plainness of his theatre, did not Thespis draw large audiences when he acted in his cart?

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Augustus Lavigne, otherwise Reuben Jones, was really a fine actor. Mrs. Everson, who had buried three husbands and was thought to have an eye on Tim for the fourth, was very capable in such parts as Lady Capulet, and the Queen in Hamlet, and was the best-hearted creature in the world besides.

Mary Henderson, the singing chambermaid, was the pertest, sauciest, most daring little creature imaginable on the stage, and the most bashful, blushing and timid one off it that ever was seen.

The first walking gentleman, Dick Heriot, otherwise known as "Gentleman Dick," was no great actor, but the manager's right-hand man in every way. Nobody knew much about him, except that he was born in England, of gentle blood, and had been cut out of property without any fault of his.

He had the education of a gentleman, and knew an infinity of things about plays, and properties, and costumes, and the like which were useful in the theatre. He could talk the women around when Tim retired in despair, overwhelmed by their tears and sulks; and he was, in an unacknowledged way, the bouncer of the concern.

When stage-hands grew insolent, or the crowds of young bloods collected outside the stage entrance were too free in their remarks on the actresses—in short, whenever coolness, determination and muscle were required, Dick Heriot was the man. He was neither large nor heavy, and so very mild-mannered that he generally took his adversary by surprise when he suddenly turned himself into a human catapult.

The winter season of 1817 had been very good so far as audiences went, but Tim had felt the want of new plays. In vain had the public been offered every dish in the menu of the ex-manager and Bard of Avon. Even with Tim himself as Hamlet on the twenty-third of April it had failed to respond to the sorrows of Ophelia, as it had shown the most cutting indifference to the woes of Lady Macbeth, of Imogen, of Desdemona, and actually of the Capulet girl.

"Dog my cats!" cried Tim, when this was borne in upon him. "I've done all I could for William Shakespeare, both as an actor and as a manager, but there's a limit to what any one can do, even for a fellow in his own trade. And by George, I am looking out now for an inferior dramatist—the more inferior the better. Can't you write me a play, Dick?"

The two men were sitting in the manager's office when this happened. It was a warm night in May, and the window was open on the street. The clock had struck one, but that was about the beginning of the evening in New Orleans, and especially in the neighborhood of the Gayety Theatre.

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A stream of people, mostly loiterers, were passing along the sidewalk. The night air was heavy with the perfume of a magnolia tree across the way, while on the opposite corner an orchestra throbbed in a dance hall, lighted from top to bottom. And over all, the golden stars looked down, laughing at this poor world.

Dick Heriot shook his head at Tim's proposition to write a play.

"I could write you a play, but how long do you think you would live after it was presented? These people down here won't stand everything. I thought the night you played Hamlet they'd string you up to a lamp-post sure. You'd better not try 'em too far."

Just then a man, dark and very handsome, walked by the window. He had the mobile mouth and expressive eye of the born actor, and Tim, whose glance rested on him for an instant, was about to say, "That man is an actor," when he noticed a look of interest, of recognition, in Dick Heriot's eye.

Heriot leaned a little forward as the man went by, and just as Tim Mullins opened his mouth to ask the question, a cry rent the air outside, a street brawl began, and the noise checked Tim's words.

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In a few moments the office door opened and the dark, handsome man walked in.

"I knocked," he said, "and thought you said 'Come in.' I believe you are Mr. Mullins, manager of this theatre?"

"I am," replied Tim, rising; he was a polite soul.

"I am Mr. Reginald Mordaunt. I am of English birth, and an actor."

"Take a chair, Mr. Mordaunt," said Tim.

Mordaunt, as he called himself, took the proffered chair and glanced uneasily at Dick Heriot.

No man likes to tell of his necessities or ask relief before another man, and it would have been like "Gentleman Dick" to get up and leave. Instead, he remained, turning over some papers on the desk, but with a look of furtive interest in his face.

Mullins knew what Mordaunt's next words would be. They were: "I am temporarily out of an engagement, and would like employment. I have never appeared on the stage in England—there I was a gentleman of fortune—but losing my estate, I came to New York. I have testimonials from New York and Philadelphia managers."

Mullins had that form of human charity which pays attention courteously to a man stating his case. He held out his hand for two or three letters which Mordaunt handed him.

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They were, as Mordaunt said, from New York and Philadelphia managers recommending him well as a player, and one manager added: "Mr. Mordaunt arranges plays capably, and has produced with much success one or two of his own writing."

"I have a play here," resumed Mordaunt, producing a package of manuscript.

"Have you?" cried Tim eagerly. (This, remember, was in 1817.) "That's what I want!"

"This is a tragedy," said Mordaunt.

"That's all right," snapped Tim; "I've got a company that can do tragedy so that the people in the pit have to put up umbrellas to keep from being drowned by the tears of those in the gallery."

*—Mordaunt, standing in centre, . . . trembling, wild-eyed, . . . and pale under his make-up*

Mordaunt, so far from relaxing his gravity, began to look nervous and apprehensive as he fingered the pages.

"When would it be agreeable or convenient that I should read this play to you?" he asked.

"Right now and here!" cried Tim. "I gave Hamlet last Monday week. Lord! I thought the people would tear the house down!"

Mr. Mordaunt thought it was because of the merit of the production, and muttered something deprecatory about his own play. Tim, however, magnanimously assured him he need not be afraid.

"Mr. Heriot here is a mighty good judge of plays, and it's just the beginning of the evening. I'll get something to wet our whistles, and we'll have that there tragedy right away."

Tim was as good as his word, and in a little while the manager's desk was cleared of papers, to make room for bottles and glasses, and ice and lemons—and the reading began.

Dick Heriot sat listening intently. Mordaunt read well, and, what was more, he soon became so interested in his reading that he acted all the parts, and with increasing fire and vigor.

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The story was grewsome, but to Tim Mullins' amazement it was so extremely well told in the play, it was so far from rant and fustian, the people were so thoroughly human, and the climaxes were so skillfully worked up, that in spite of its grewsomeness it fixed the attention, and charmed by its strange power.

It was the story of a young man, private secretary to a man of wealth and distinction. He is the unseen witness of the murder of a servant by his patron in a moment of passion. As the price of his silence he forces the unhappy man to adopt him as a son to the exclusion of the rightful heir, and not only secures large sums of money, but exacts every outward mark of affection and confidence. Apparently the two are devoted to each other; inwardly, the relations between them are such that at last, driven beyond human endurance, the murderer declares his intention of acknowledging the truth, and in a climax of terrible and commanding power the young man, in defending himself, becomes the involuntary murderer of his supposed benefactor.

Of course there was a love story in the play, but it was subordinate to the development of the tragedy between the two men.

It took all of two hours for the reading. When the last line was given there was a strained silence. Mordaunt, with drops upon his white forehead, seemed as if he could stand no more, he was so pallid and exhausted. Tim looked as if he had seen a ghost. He turned and gulped down a glass of something or other, and gazed earnestly, first at Heriot and then at Mordaunt.

Heriot was unmoved, which gave Mullins an unpleasant shock, but did not prevent him from saying to Mordaunt, after a few minutes of reflection:

"I think that a very remarkable piece, Mr. Mordaunt, and if you will come here to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock I shall be able to tell you something definite."

Mordaunt, with muttered thanks, rose and went out. He seemed on the verge of a collapse as he did so.

❧

"The fellow was mightily moved by his own eloquence," said Dick Heriot, lighting a cigar, when he was left alone with Tim.

His words had the effect of a cold douche on the manager. He had great respect for Dick Heriot's opinion, and in view of his coolness Tim began to fear he had made a fool of himself, and said as much.

"Oh, no," replied Dick. "I think the play powerful. More than that, I believe the fellow himself will be powerful in the part of Devereux, the adopted son. Make Mordaunt read it to the company to-morrow, and see how it affects such hardened theatrical sinners as they."

Tim took Heriot's advice, and had no reason to feel dissatisfied with the effect upon his "matchless constellation of artists." Lavigne, the leading man, tore his hair at the thought of the part of Devereux being given to anybody but himself. Excellent Mrs. Everson, her usually rubicund face as pale as marble, continually mopped her forehead, and a door suddenly slamming at the climax of the third act, the good woman screamed—she was generally the coolest person in the world.

Tim Mullins looked around his circle of players and saw, with profound satisfaction, that every person present, except Dick Heriot and little Mary Henderson, was more or less moved by the play. He was puzzled and even annoyed to find that Dick Heriot preserved his strange impassiveness; and little Mary Henderson—she was only twenty—sat bolt upright. The girl, however, was so extremely diffident off the stage that it was not easy to tell what her feelings were, but on this occasion she promptly revealed them. Putting her two hands to her forehead, she said faintly:

"I cannot bear any more!" and straightway fell off her chair in a dead faint.

❧

In the course of bringing Mary Henderson to, Tim Mullins discovered that Dick Heriot was very much in love with her and that Mary regarded him not unkindly. There could be no question about putting the play in rehearsal at once, and as this was in the days of stock companies, Tim thought ten days an extra allowance of time.

Mordaunt, of course, was to be Devereux, the leading part. But after the fifth rehearsal a thing unprecedented in the manager's experience happened. His players sent him a round robin, saying:

> "We respectfully ask for another week's rehearsal. We have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Mordaunt is an actor who will require us to use all our powers that we may not appear inferior to him, and for the sake of our reputations we ask further time to prepare."

Tim consented, wondering the while. Mrs. Everson, who had very good sense in spite of having married three times, said to the manager:

"This man is a great actor. What is he doing here?"

"No actor, madam," replied Tim with a grand air, "be he David Garrick himself, is too good for me theayter;" but

all the same he was wondering what the deuce had brought Mordaunt and his play to the Gayety Theatre.

Of course Tim meant to keep his treasure-trove secret until the night of the production; but managers, as everybody knows, are the footballs of fate, and a week before the new play was to be done, Millington, one of his best actors, met with an accident and could not appear at all, and in sheer desperation Tim was obliged to give Millington's part to Mordaunt, disguising him, however, with a blond wig, and putting him on the billboards as Mr. Alfred Chester.

Tim could scarcely believe either his eyes or his ears when he saw the man's utter failure in the part which Millington's absence made necessary. He was cold, awkward, indistinct in his utterance, and had the greatest drawback that any one can have who appears before the public in any capacity—he was uninteresting.

This revelation was very disquieting. Tim began to wonder if, after all, Dick Heriot had not been the only one among them who had kept his head.

To cap the climax of the manager's perplexities, Dick and Mary Henderson took to making love with an energy that defied concealment.

"I swear," cried Tim, with tears in his eyes, talking over this new annoyance with Mrs. Everson, "I'd rather have smallpox or yellow fever break out in a theatrical company than love-making. I've seen it ruin the best actors for a time. And it's deuced low and ungentlemanlike of Dick Heriot, after all I've done for him, to go and fall in love with one of me ladies. And as for that Henderson girl, the deceit and artfulness of that little devil is beyond belief. I told her right in the beginning I would have no spooning or flirting, or anything of the sort, and it was 'Oh, Mr. Mullins, how could you think I'd be given to flirting?'—and 'Dear Mr. Mullins, I'm sure I'd die of embarrassment if any gentleman should even look as if he'd make love to me'—and every day this week I've caught that little villain with Dick Heriot holding her hand, or such infernal tomfoolery of the sort. I've never been married mesilf, thank the Lord, and I hope I know too well what is due to me profession ever to get married. Shakespeare did, and it drove him to drink. I'll none of it!"

"I've had three husbands myself," cheerfully remarked Mrs. Everson, "and very good they all were to me—and if I get a good chance I'll take a fourth. I don't see any harm in those two young things falling in love. Dick's a very steady boy, and I'm thinking he is a little higher up in the world, by birth, than either you or me, Mr. Mullins," which last Mr. Mullins did not in the least resent.

At last, however, in the face of perplexities and obstacles and accidents, the night came.

The house was sold out a week in advance, and by six o'clock the crowd began streaming into the little theatre. So great was the pressure for seats that ladies invaded the pit as well as the galleries, and the aisles were full. At seven the curtain rose.

"I HAVE NO MONEY TO GIVE YOU, BUT HERE IS THIS RING"

Tim Mullins was perfectly at ease then. Like a good general, having taken all possible means to secure victory, he awaited the outcome with indomitable coolness. The outcome was, however, just what he hoped and expected.

From Mordaunt's first entrance he had the interest, if not the sympathy, of the audience—and he carried through his part like a great artist. The other people in the play were stimulated to do their best, and great as was the impression made by Mordaunt, his support was quite worthy of him.

As the play progressed the attention of the audience became more intense. Encores, which had been frequent during the first two acts, subsided, the people showed a higher form of interest by watching in painful and breathless suspense the development of the story.

At the last dreadful scene between Mordaunt and the man whose life he has dominated, and is then fated to take, the agitation of the audience was extreme, although silent except for an occasional sob or exclamation from some nervous, overwrought woman, and when at last, after a short but terrible struggle, Devereux stabbed his victim, a universal groan went around.

According to the custom of the time, all the actors and actresses were drawn up in a semi-circle before the footlights, and each was supposed to speak a few lines of epilogue. But no epilogue was spoken. Neither actors nor audience were in the mood for it, and Mordaunt, standing in centre, was a ghastly object, trembling, wild-eyed, and clammy cold, and pale under his make-up.

Crowds are cruel to their favorites, and in spite of Mordaunt's evident distress, which might well come from the strain of such a part, the people kept cheering and applauding and demanding a speech.

He mumbled a few words of gratitude, and the curtain was rung up and down a dozen times. Then somebody shouted in the gallery:

"Out to the stage entrance and carry him home!" There was a sudden stampede, and the curtain came down to stay.

On the stage there was perfect silence; everybody felt the relaxation of the tension in which they had spent the last few hours.

Then Dick Heriot, walking up to Mordaunt, looked him full in the eye, and said to him in a loud, clear voice:

"You are Henry Barrington and I am Richard Fenwick."

The effect of these words was appalling. Mordaunt's eyes grew desperate in their expression. He laid his hand on a table and tried to support himself by it, but his legs gave way and he dropped on the sofa. No one who saw him at that moment doubted that he was Henry Barrington.

He made no disclaimer, but sat in dumb agony.

"And why did you put the story into a play?" asked Heriot again. "The world thinks that Sir Richard Fenwick died by his own hand—I am one of the few persons who suspected you. I always believed you killed my uncle."

All knew then that the story that Mordaunt had prepared and acted was the story of his own life.

"Sir Richard was a murderer, too," replied Mordaunt in a thick voice, and scarcely able to articulate.

"Yes, but not as you were. The man he killed had not loaded him with benefits. It was done in a moment of anger, without premeditation."

"Benefits!" cried the poor wretch. "Do you call them benefits? Every time I forced him to give me a hundred pounds I thought he would murder me. But I had my revenge—I had my revenge. I made him treat me, oh, so kindly in the presence of others! We were never separated. People used to congratulate him on the devotion of his adopted son! And you may imagine what this was to me. I was a charity boy. I had no relatives. I never had any one to show the slightest interest in me, or wish for my society, or devotion to me, but I had it from Sir Richard Fenwick as the price of my silence! I suppose now I shall be sent to the gallows."

"Not by me," replied Heriot. "It may be wrong of me, but I cannot be the instrument of sending any man to the gallows. How, in God's name, though, as I asked you before, did you dare to put the story in a play?"

"Because I was driven to it. I was always thinking of it, and acting it. I was an amateur actor from my boyhood, and acting was the only means by which I could earn my bread after the money went—forty thousand pounds."

"And is that all gone?" asked Heriot incredulously.

"Yes. When did blood-money ever profit any man? I was poorer and hungrier and shabbier after I had that money than I ever was before. And the thing I had done haunted me and dogged me, and got up with me in the morning and lay down with me at night—and I saw it and heard it all the time. I went from England to India to get rid of it, and from India to South America, and from South America to North America—and it followed me, and grew the stronger and more persistent. It forced me to make it into a play, and then it forced me to act the part. That is all I can tell you."

"But did you not recognize me, in spite of my name? It is Richard Heriot Fenwick; but after you robbed me of my uncle's fortune and I was forced to earn my living any way I could, I left off the Fenwick. I recognized you instantly, although I never saw you but twice in my life, and that many years ago."

Mordaunt shook his head. "I—I—don't know how it was," he said huskily. "I didn't recall you."

He took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. No one had spoken but Heriot and Mordaunt.

Actors and actresses are almost invariably soft-hearted, and in this case mercy was reinforced by cowardice. To reveal who this man was would be to send him straight to the gallows. Few men and few women have nerve enough for that.

Each waited for some one else to speak, until, at last, the stillness becoming intolerable, Tim Mullins, paler than any one present, because he alone had no make-up, said:

"If I give you a hundred dollars and let you go, what will you do?"

"Do?" echoed the unfortunate creature. "I will go away from here. I am safer in South America than anywhere else, and with a hundred dollars to start me I can work my way there."

Mullins disappeared for a moment.

The people were still cheering in the street, and in the theatre there was the commotion of putting out the lights and closing the house. The scene-shifters—there were only two of them, for the Gayety was not Drury Lane Theatre, by any means—and other supernumeraries about the playhouse were moving about behind the scenes and were curious to know why all the company were standing so silent and quiet, and still on the stage, while Mordaunt, for whom the people outside were clamoring, lay in a heap upon the sofa. The stage-hands peered curiously at him.

Presently Tim returned with some gold and notes.

"Here," he said to Mordaunt, "is a hundred dollars. I couldn't make it all in gold."

"Wait a moment," interrupted Heriot. He went back of the stage and from a money-belt around his waist took some Bank of England notes. He returned and handed them to Mordaunt.

"There is a hundred more. I don't know why I should give it to you. The forty thousand pounds which you got would have been mine—but, poor devil, I rather think I am luckier than you."

Mordaunt mechanically put Mullins' and Heriot's money in his pocket and, in trying to thank them, broke into tears.

At that Mary Henderson went up to him with a kind of Heavenly light upon her face. She took off a little plain ring she wore and put it on Mordaunt's finger.

"I have no money to give you, but here is this ring. When you look at it, remember to try and lead a better life. Remember, there is joy in Heaven over one repenting sinner."

Mordaunt raised his head and looked at her with dumb gratitude—and his eyes traveled around the circle. Something in this mute appeal conveyed the idea that he knew himself to be infinitely beneath every one of them, and he was indeed a penitent sinner. He pulled himself together and rose—the man was scarcely able to walk.

"I can't make any promises," he said to Mary Henderson. "It is true that I was a miserable man from the hour that I used my power over Sir Richard Fenwick, but I did not give it up, or give up anything, until I was obliged to. I knew, every instant of the time, as well as I know now, that I was committing a crime—but that never withheld me for a moment. Now that I have spent the wages of sin it does not become me to prate and promise. But if anything can make me a better man, it is the treatment I have met with this night, especially from Mr. Richard Heriot, whom I robbed of his birthright."

Mordaunt turned and passed slowly out of the door.

Outside, a great shout went up when he appeared slinking along—the crowd had caught sight of him, and rushed pell mell after him. But with a scared look over his shoulder he turned and ran. No one in that crowd of shouting, cheering people saw him again.

There was a great commotion in New Orleans the next day over the remarkable success of the new tragedy, and the sudden illness of Mr. Reginald Mordaunt, which broke up in the beginning the tremendous run which was expected—for Tim Mullins was too astute a manager to let the dear public know the truth that his new-found Roscius had run away.

The shock all of the company had received, and the determination of the Gayety audiences to stand no more Shakespeare at Tim's hands, caused a temporary closing of the playhouse. Dick Heriot and Mary Henderson took that opportunity to get married, and Dick, shortly after, having been offered a good place as foreign correspondent of a great cotton firm, resigned from the stock company.

This was much to Tim Mullins' sorrow, who not only regretted the loss of a useful man, but felt humiliated that a man like Dick Heriot should lapse into matrimony. It was therefore a matter of great surprise when Tim himself, having valiantly resisted the charms of all the Rosalinds, Juliets, Violas, and the rest of Shakespeare's young charmers, fell a victim to the Queen in Hamlet—for the excellent Mrs. Everson actually succeeded in marrying him within a year.

Tim continued to prosper enough at the Gayety to make occasional incursions into Shakespeare. And by virtue of having married the manager, Mrs. Everson-Mullins was promoted from the part of the Queen to Ophelia, which she did always to the Hamlet of Tim on the twenty-third of April, and lived to a good old age in spite of it.

Ten years after that memorable night at the Gayety a letter came to Dick Heriot, which he showed to his wife and to Tim Mullins. It was signed Reginald Mordaunt, and said:

> "I have kept straight since I saw you, and make a fair living, a living ten times better than I deserve. I do not know whether I can guarantee myself a month or a day of keeping straight, but what little I have done I owe to you and the people at the Gayety. If M. H. is still alive, tell her no day has passed that the sight of her little ring has not helped me."

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## Our Divided Selves

ALL men have at times had glimpses of Jekyll and Hyde in themselves; or, to quote the poets, who were before the romancers, an angel and a fiend lurk somewhere in our subdepths, striving for possession of us. We are astonished to find that to-day we are looking at something with other eyes than we used yesterday. That which was meaningless upon the printed page at one time, glows with a new truth at another. Now we surprise ourselves by the fervency of our love, and now we startle ourselves by the unreasonableness of our hate. Even our own offspring shift and modify themselves, and seem to present new aspects as the alternate natures of us apprehend them.

The best of us have been startled at times as we passed the mirror, in an unworthy mood, at the strange expression on the familiar face. If a man could always be himself, how easy the fight would be! But his nobler self seems to have its recurrent tides and successive ebbs, and even the saint must pass through hours of gloom to reach his auroral awakening. "I am conscious," says Thoreau, in a dark mood, "of an animal in us which awakens as our higher natures slumber." And then, as he focuses his intellect on the mystery, he adds this dark saying: "I fear that it may enjoy a certain health of its own, that we may be well but not pure."

Be all this as it may, the lesson that man has learned through time is that duality of character is not good. He puts this conviction into his common talk when he speaks of a "double face" and of a "single heart." Twice Saint Paul speaks of "singleness of heart" as if it were supreme endeavor for man to acquire one dominating personality.

Not long ago a speculative Frenchman wrote a monograph to advance the view that suicide was always committed when the victim was possessed. But even this author was not quite convinced of what he was possessed, and one can come easily enough to the conclusion that the suicide is possessed of his own evil nature. There is an old Norse story of a departed spirit meeting with his guardian angel, and when commiserating the forlorn condition of the angelic creature it replied: "No wonder I am worn out. All your life I've been fighting in your behalf, and I never got a bit of assistance from you."

Life viewed from the character standpoint is in great part a long process of elimination. Something, either the serpent or the anthropoidal ancestor, has to be frozen out by a steady resistance. We have to cleanse ourselves from the grime of the centuries that tramped ahead of us. When the man makes a final assertion of himself and has reached the enduring and equable personality which is his spiritual birthright, we say of him, in the terse language of the Scriptures, that he is "clothed, and in his right mind."

—A. C. WHEELER.

*There is only one grade of honesty.*

## A Lack in American Cities

WHETHER cleanliness is next to godliness or not, it is becoming more and more compulsory in great modern populations, because its opposite is a menace to the community. Dirt breeds disease. A dirty house invites vermin and microbes, and the dirty man who lives in the dirty house carries the microbes with him and sows them among the people on the sidewalk, in the street car, in the theatre, in the shop, and these microbes fasten and do mischief where they find an enfeebled body or thinned or impure blood. So it is not merely in his own interest that we want the individual to acquire the soap-and-water habit, but in ours. We should have a legal right to object if he went about the streets carrying a dead animal, or mud from a drain, or deposited such things on our premises; yet he is as serious a danger when he comes among us with the stain of many days of labor unremoved from his person and his clothing.

We say that in our cities, at all events, bathing is a common practice, and that every modern house contains bowls and tubs that make it a refreshment, even if it is not regarded as a duty. But this, unhappily, is not true. The tenements are not adequately provided, and, even in some of those containing tubs, their use is not understood. In one of the great barracks in New York a family used the bath-tub as a coal bin; in another case it was an ice chest; in a third it was covered with boards and rented every night to a lodger as a bed. Although there is a need of plain words on this subject, it is of little use to preach. The people are best led to cleanliness by example, and by making them believe that a bath is a pleasure as well as a benefit. They are not unwilling to believe this. They merely do not know anything about it.

At the time of the cholera scare in this country, some years ago, the immigrants arriving on the big ships were forced to bathe at quarantine, and if they were refractory they were stripped and the hose was turned upon them. To many, this experience was absolutely new. Some of them had never bathed before in their lives. Some had slept in their clothes, year after year, removing them only when they had become worn and ragged. Yet the bath so invigorated them and improved their appearance that they agreed to have another, sometime.

In youth, no urging is needed. The boy takes to bathing as if he were a duck. On city water-fronts in summer one may often see gamins leaping from the docks, to the despair of policemen, who know that they are violating ordinances by so doing, but who once were boys themselves; and in the country is there any youth so "slow" as to refuse the chance of a dip in the big swimming-hole above the dam, or under the railroad bridge, or in the pond? This affection for the water is a thing to encourage. The well-to-do have tubs in their houses and flats, as a matter of course; but the poor, who are more usually the unwashed, often lack ablutionary accommodations, whether they would use them or not. It is, therefore, a duty of the city, a measure of its own defense, to provide public baths as it provides parks and schools.

In a few respects the world has made no advance during the Christian centuries. It has, on the contrary, gone backward. Rome was a barbaric capital, in spite of its wealth and its splendors, but in its baths it had a common possession such as no great city has had since. For a penny or so one might enjoy a Turkish bath—hot room, shampooing, anointing, and the rest of it—while the plunge was open to all the people, free, all the time. It was not such a mean little space as we find in the shabby floating baths that are tied along our city water-fronts, at wide intervals, during the broiling American summer. It was a large pool of clear, running water, in a vast, cool building put together with the solidity of the Coliseum. Are we so much more poor than Rome? Shall we continue to be outclassed in respect of cleanliness by a nation that took delight in the slaughter of fellow-creatures, and that tolerated as its rulers some of the most degraded beings that ever drew breath? It must not be so. The bath should be as easily found in every American village, town and city as is the church and the saloon. It should be open for twenty-four hours a day, for 365 days a year, lighted at night, warmed in winter, kept absolutely clean as to its floors, walls and fitments, supplied with clear running water—sea water, possibly, in the coast towns—with the chill taken from it by steam coils in cold weather.

We reform drunkards and vicious persons. We must show an equal ardor in the reform of the dirty ones.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

*We all admit that simple living is the best, and in our generosity we are perfectly willing that everybody but ourselves should try it.*

## Property in Air

AN EXTREMELY delicate point in law, and one which will greatly interest bicycle riders, has just been brought up at Mansfield, Ohio. It appears that a man while recently wheeling about the suburbs noticed that one of his pneumatic tires was becoming soft. He explored his toolbag but found that his pump was missing. It had been purloined by his wife, though this fact has nothing to do with the matter in hand. Fearing evil consequences for the tire, he turned in at a convenient repair shop and mentioned the difficulty.

The repair man immediately pumped up the tire, and the rider thanked him and was about to leave when the man demanded five cents. The wheelman explored his pockets but discovered that he had either neglected to transfer his money to his bicycle garments or that his money had gone in company with his pump—though this point, also, however interesting it may be to married men, has no bearing on the present case.

The bicycle owner explained the situation to the man, produced a visiting-card and promised to step in the next morning with the money. The bicycle man replied, in effect, that he wasn't born yesterday, that there was much crime stalking abroad, and that he must insist on immediate settlement. The other made a reference to the notoriously anæmic condition of a stone, and told the thrifty repairer that if he didn't choose to wait for his pay that he could open the valve and take out the air which he had inserted, but that if he took more, even to the extent of the twentieth part of one poor scruple, as Portia remarked to Shylock—nay, if the valve did hiss too much but in the estimation of a hair, he would have the law on him.

The bicycle man, more hardy than the Jew of Venice, with a remark that his deeds were upon his head, wrenched off the cap and punched the valve with a shingle nail. There was an ominous hiss. He punched again, but the valve refused to close. The air all escaped, and the cyclist, with observations which led the bystanders to believe that the quality of mercy was going to be badly strained, trundled his bicycle home.

The next day the matter was brought into court by the wheelman suing the repair man for damages. The repair man made a counter-claim for his five cents. Each had provided himself with learned counsel, and legal lore of considerable value transpired. Early in the proceedings the wheelman's lawyer set up the contention that there could be no property rights in air, that it existed, so to speak, *feræ naturæ*, and therefore the bicycle man's claim of five cents could not lie.

Counsel for the repair man rose to point out what the intelligent court must already know, to wit, that his learned opponent was an ass. That air in its native state, blowing where it listeth, is, of course, free to all, and can be lawfully seized of none; but that condensed air is a manufactured product as much as artificial ice, or bricks, or the sheepskin diploma which in some inscrutable way his able opponent had become possessed of.

The court acquiesced in this view of the case.

Counsel for the rider said he bowed to the superior knowledge possessed by his scholarly opponent concerning wind, and asked leave to add ten cents to the claim of his client, he estimating that there was merchantable atmosphere in the tire to that amount when his said client entered the shop. Counsel for the repair man responded by giving notice that he should prosecute the plaintiff for obtaining goods under false pretenses, to wit, five cents' worth of condensed air, when he knew, or ought to have known, that he had no money with which to pay for it.

Counsel for plaintiff said that no married man could know when his wife had been through his pockets, though no doubt the wife of his learned brother had given up the practice years ago, never having found anything.

The learned brother replied by admitting that when he put his hands in his pockets he was not usually rewarded by finding much cash, but that so far he had managed to keep his hands out of other folks' pockets, a practice his esteemed opponent would do well to follow.

At this point the court rapped for order and announced the decision—five cents damages for plaintiff, and judgment for five cents for the defendant, the costs to be shared equally. Learned counselors collected ten dollars each from their respective clients and went away arm in arm; and the equal and exact justice before the law obtainable by all men was again vindicated.

All of which should furnish much food for thought to married men, bicycle riders and repair-shop proprietors.

—HAYDEN CARRUTH.

*As a rule, the best legislature is that which makes the fewest laws.*

## After the Inside Facts

IN HOLDING the mirror up to Nature the daily press reflects curious facts and tendencies. From so many mirrors—each newspaper, of course, has the best—we get a valuable variety of reflections, more complete, indeed, than from the multiplex photograph which gives every feature of the subject. It goes even further than that, for the new style of reporting bothers little about testimony, but rushes headlong into psychology. In the papers of this country and Europe recently there have been hundreds of instances of this superior insight. A correspondent at the Dreyfus trial, in several columns of vivid English, told how every day he studied the faces of the seven judges. From memory he could sketch the lines of their features and their every wrinkle. Their attitudes, their *ennui*, and all the comedy of the human countenance were significant to one who knew how to look for the reflection of the human thought in the face. The correspondent thus gazed below the surface and gave to the world the results of his genius. He told not only what the judges were thinking about, but how they thought it. In our own dear land a reporter analyzed the thoughts of the wedding party as they marched up the aisle, and it is infinitely to his credit that he did not make the bride ask if her orange blossoms were on straight or if the wedding train was on the track.

All this shows, of course, that we have come upon a psychological era, and when you decline your friend's invitation on the plea of another engagement you may be sure that he is looking into your inner consciousness and probing your guilt. No longer may the candidate be judged by his words, for his audience will be looking through his platitudes and calling him names instead of making the welkin ring with applause. No more may the strenuous nothings of courtship's happy hours pass for the unvarnished truth. Even the devoted clergyman, when asked if the baby wasn't the prettiest he ever saw, will see his soul trembling upon the brink of disaster.

The hope is that the craze will not last very long, for nothing could be more uncomfortable than the attempts of amateur psychologists to interpret the inner thoughts of other people. Of course, they couldn't possibly do it; but the next thing to succeeding would be the fact of attempting it. The best way, after all, is to stick to the testimony and accept the words, making due allowance for mistakes, but not trying to get behind the curtain which Nature has provided in order that the human race may have at least a few minutes of peace.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

*Mourning vacation dollars will not pay autumn bills.*

## The Rut and Its Friends

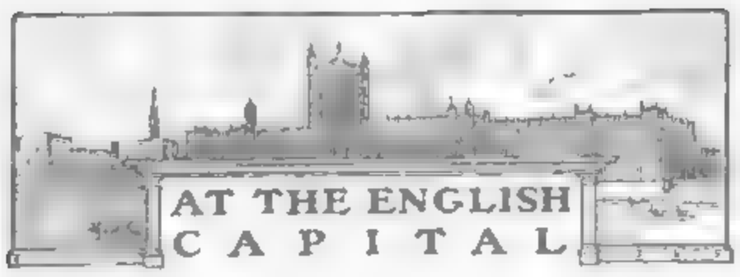
THOSE among us who give advice and put forth proverbs have had this supreme adjuration for the present generation: "Keep out of the rut!" In so new a land as ours, where the ruts are few and conditions change of themselves with a bewildering rapidity, the lesson has not been hard to learn.

Wherever we may be, we have escaped the rut. We demand a new school of literature with every book, a new art with every picture, a new commodity from every salesman, a new policy from every President, a new variety of religion from every preacher; and so strong is the tendency of human genius to popularize itself that to a great extent we get what we demand. Not to go into analytical details regarding the other branches of human activity referred to, it may be pointed out that a nation which, in a single generation, has fanatically worshiped and promptly forgotten A Fool's Errand, Robert Elsmere, Trilby, Ships that Pass in the Night and The Prisoner of Zenda is not in a literary rut, but rather on a boundless and trackless literary plain.

It were madness in a private to cry halt to an advancing army, or even to an army that thought it was advancing; but one can fancy that there are stragglers in the rear of the rapidly moving ruthless hosts, who suspect, if they do not say, that much of the wild pursuit of novelty is a waste of life and time. Why, such as these may ask, should we be perpetually striving after new ideals? Are not the old ones beautiful and difficult enough? Why should we despise tradition when the only certainty is the past? Why, in a world of illimitable objects, should we select by number instead of character, counting as the happiest the man who has the most instead of the man who has the best? Why should we cast aside experience, judgment, observation—all the attributes that were originally designed to aid us in selecting happiness—and cultivate instead a delirium of curiosity which feeds upon itself and so becomes insatiable?

Doubtless these fogy folk are retrogressive, but there is something quieting in the tones of their voices as one hears them reading from Jeremiah, in the shadows and the coolness where they lag behind: "Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

—FRED NYE.




Boss Croker's power with New York policemen may be all prevailing, but it does not run far in London. During a visit to the metropolis—when in England he very frequently runs up to London from his country-seat, where he lives the life of a country gentleman—he had an opportunity of studying the workings of a London "bobby."

To Americans, one of the most notable features of English life is the paternal care the policemen take of pedestrians; how a hundred times a day they hold up the vehicular traffic to let a covey of ragged little gutter-snipes flit across the busy thoroughfare to their homes in the courts. Everything on hoof and wheel the policeman keeps rigidly to its proper side of the road, and street accidents in London are reduced to a minimum.

In the middle of the busier streets are built little islands of refuge so that foot passengers may be able to pause in safety after breaking through the stream of vehicles flowing one way, preparatory to plunging into the reverse-running stream. When a 'bus or cab driver wishes to prove himself a veritable dare-devil, he tries to take a short cut by rounding one of those islands on the wrong side. Now in Victoria Street, Westminster, there is one of these islands set aggravatingly near to the intersection of Great Chapel Street, and carriages wishing to cut into the latter street from Westminster way are sorely tempted to take the illegal short cut rather than do the long circumambulation of the island.

Mr. Croker's coachman could not resist the temptation, and, seeing no policeman in the vicinity, attempted to do the trick. But the "bobby" was on duty, although the coachman failed to see him until the carriage was in Great Chapel Street. Up went the policeman's finger, the coachy was compelled to pull up, and while Croker sat grimly silent, the "bobby" made the coachman back the carriage into Victoria Street again and round the island properly. During the operation the policeman solemnly warned the coachman not to let himself be caught again in the act of pirating time and space in a London street. Croker sat tight and said nothing.

When Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, Shamrock, was lying in Southampton water, to be sure everything that could be done for her safety was done, a close watch was kept by those on board, and all small boats were warned to keep from coming in contact with Shamrock's delicate sides. Sir Thomas, who stayed aboard his steam yacht Erin, had the larger vessel moored so as to afford as much protection to the racer as feasible, and himself watched over the Cup challenger's safety perhaps more eagerly than any one else.

One beautiful evening when Sir Thomas was aboard the Shamrock a heavy, knock about boat, rowed by four rough watermen, came pounding along straight for the yacht. The fellows were paying no close heed to their direction, and Sir Thomas, getting anxious, shouted:

"I say, my men, look where you're going!" The men ceased rowing and turned scornful glances on the yacht.

"Wot do ye call that thing yer aboard?" bawled out one man.

"This is the yacht Shamrock," courteously replied the owner.

One of the men contemptuously ran his eye over the craft, and turning to a pal he sung out:

"By 'Eavens, Bill, look at the freak! The Shamrock, 'e calls 'er. Another bloody injustice to Ireland."

Here is a not generally known story of J. McNeil Whistler. When he lived in Chelsea every soul knew him; indeed, Whistler could not live long in any place without attracting attention. Even the bargemen on the river knew him well, and knew him, too, as a mighty painter of their wondrous world—the Thames. One afternoon Whistler was sauntering along the Chelsea Embankment when he found himself confronted by a man who had one eye most effectively blackened, the result, without doubt, of the previous night's discussions on politics at the local public house. Whistler stopped and kindly inquired:

"Why, what's the matter, my good fellow?"

The man touched his hat and answered, "Oh, nothing; merely a knockturne in blue and green."

The present Archbishop of Canterbury is a most determined character; one of the old sort of prelates given to fighting, and fighting hard, and who insists on having his way, no matter who tries to obstruct. With indomitable will he has fought his way to the front, and while at the front is determined more than ever to impress his will on his followers. He has the reputation of treating his clergy rather brusquely, and of saying what he means in few words and short. When Bishop of London he was, of course, besieged almost daily by a host of clergy who wanted something, and as he sat at work in his large study these applicants and supplicants were marshaled one by one into his presence. The Bishop, almost without exception, continued to work on without once looking up, heard what his visitor had to say, delivered his answer, and the man was then shown out.

It happened that a Detroit clergyman reached England with an introduction to the Bishop, which the Detroiter had reason to know would insure him a kindly welcome. He forwarded the introduction and asked for an interview. By return of post he received from the Bishop a warm, friendly letter, saying that His Lordship would be delighted to see him at a certain o'clock. At the certain o'clock the Detroiter was on hand. The procession had been filing through, and the truculent Bishop had forgotten, or rather did not notice, what time it was. So when the Detroit clergyman was ushered in, instead of being met with outstretched arms, there sat the Bishop writing busily. There was a long and ominous wait. Presently the Bishop, without glancing up, and in his rasping, thunderous voice, bellowed out:

"Well, sir, I can give you two minutes."

For a second the Detroiter was nearly knocked off his feet, but immediately pulled himself together and said: "And, for all eternity!"

The Bishop jumped to his feet when he heard the Yankee accent, rushed forward, shook both the visitor's hands, apologized, and sat down in his chair, roaring with laughter.

I am not going to tell you who the author is that perpetrated this alleged joke. He is one who never uses bad language, and seldom indulges in a pleasantry. But he had occasion to send a message by cable to America, and walked into a cable office in Trafalgar Buildings, Charing Cross. The first thing that caught his eye was an iron frame slitted in such a way that the cable clerk could, by dropping in letters, make any brief announcement to clients that was needed. This day all was plain sailing, so the clerk had painfully set up:

"Working Well
in
all parts of
America."

The author, wishing to be genial, said to the clerk, at the same time pointing to the legend, "Pardon me, but you've made a slight mistake in spelling here."

The clerk, a solemn man, at once came from behind the counter and squinted at his handiwork. "I can't see it, sir."

"Can't you?" said the innocent author. "Perhaps I'm wrong, but it struck me the second 'W' should be an 'H.'"

The soul whose great desire is to lengthen the lives of its fellow-men is to be met with in most quarters of the world. Sometimes it is an individual, sometimes it is a society, and generally it is a woman. Mr. Gleeson White, whose early death is being bemoaned by literary men and artists in England and America alike, was one of the kindliest mortals that ever drew breath, indeed the last man in all the world to cause pain to man or beast. But this did not prevent him once on a time receiving a very strict lecture on the blessings of appreciation. Mr. White had taken a pad of paper into Ravenscourt Park—his house overlooked this beautiful pleasure ground—to do a little writing in the shade of the splendid chestnuts that are such a striking feature of the place. When fairly into the swing of his work along came a corduroyed British workman, without an "h" in his whole outfit, but with a short clay pipe and strong tobacco. This character clapped himself down by Mr. White and began to give him cheering bits of information on the points of fighting dogs, the quality of beer kept at various adjacent "pubs," and so on.

White's replies, at first genial as usual, decreased to monosyllables and finally ceased. After going on for ten minutes without receiving any encouragement the fellow drew his pipe from between his teeth and said: "You don't seem as if you 'eard w'at I'm saying of." "I'm not listening," said White. The man got up. "Well, of all the ungrateful blokes as ever I comes across, you take the bloomin' cake! 'Ere I've been for the larst 'alf hour doin' the best as is in me to cheer you up, and let you out some things as you may find useful in dogs, and you 'aven't got the common gratitude to listen. I tells you straight, I've done with you now," and off he slouched.

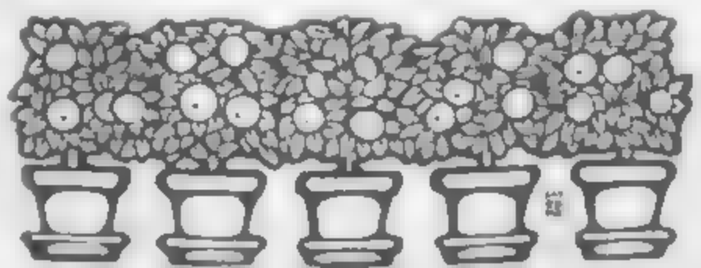
## OLD-FASHIONED POSIES

*By Joe Lincoln*

OH, THOSE sweet old-fashioned posies that were mother's pride and joy
In the sunny little garden where I wandered when a boy!
Oh, the morning-glories twining 'mongst the shining sunflowers tall,
And the clematis a tangle in the angle of the wall!
How the mignonette's sweet blooming was perfuming all the walks,
Where the hollyhocks stood proudly with their blossom dotted stalks,
While the old maids' pinks were nodding groups of gossips, here and there,
And the bluebells swung so lightly in the lazy, hazy air.

Then the sleepy poppies stooping low their drooping, drowsy heads
And the modest young sweet williams hiding in their shady beds!
By the edges of the hedges, where the spiders' webs were spun,
How the marigolds lay, yellow as the mellow summer sun
That made all the grass a-dapple 'neath the leafy apple tree,
Whence you heard the locust drumming and the humming of the bee,
While the soft breeze in the trellis where the roses used to grow
Sent the silken petals flying like a scented shower of snow!

Oh, the quaint old fashioned garden, and the pathways cool and sweet,
With the dewy branches splashing flashing jewels o'er my feet!
And the dear old fashioned blossoms, and the old home where they grew,
And the mother hands that picked them, and the mother-love I knew!
Ah! of all earth's fragrant flowers in the bowers on her breast,
Sure the blooms which memory brings us are the brightest and the best
And the fairest, rarest blossoms ne'er could win my love, I know,
Like the sweet old fashioned posies mother tended long ago.



Editor Saturday Evening Post

I beg to thank you sincerely for A Scots Grammar School, as it calls to mind very vividly my own school-days under just such a master as Ian Maclaren describes. I can see that school now of seventy-five to one hundred boys and girls all under one teacher—James Gibson—stern, strict and dignified, out of the school the most sympathetic of men but in the school a disciplinarian, what we boys then would have called a tyrant. But we don't think so now.

Many boys went direct from that country school to fill prominent positions in the large shipping offices of Glasgow and Liverpool, and though unmercifully thrashed at school, still the old Dominie was always among the first to whom they would pay their respects on returning to the scenes of their youth. He made them scholars and he made them men.

I remember one occasion when he thrashed the whole school with the exception of the small primary class. Some noise occurred during the morning prayer and he could not find out who made it, so he gave us till noon to think about it and perhaps some one would turn State's evidence and save himself. But no, they all stood firm. So we were drawn up in line all around the schoolroom. He began at one end of the row and gave us all four "palmys," as we called them—that is, each one held out his hand straight and got four slaps over the fingers with the taws, a piece of leather about two inches wide cut into three strips so that it doubled nicely around the back of the hand. And maybe they didn't smart! Woe betide the boy who attempted to get his fingers well up into his coat sleeve. I think I see him take him by the hand and push his sleeve well back on his wrist and then give him his number, with interest added. Boys there were who outside would have faced anything, but they were like lambs in school.

Pawnee City, Nebraska. James Fisher.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

The state of content in which men live depends but little upon their intellectuality. The seeds of discontent are sown long before the college door opens to them. The discontented man has always been with us. He is a perm[illegible]

It is true that sentimental young [illegible] college vague, impractical ambitions. For them, work is the great panacea. Fortunate indeed is the college-bred man who is early forced by misfortune to work—hard work.

[illegible]

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Albert E. McKay, quoting from Maurice Thompson's article on Education and Discontent, in which he speaks of the common labor of the fields as having to be done by some one and that people should be contented with whatever vocation falls to their lot, is in my opinion entirely wrong. It is preached by a class who desire to keep for themselves and their descendants the cream of earth's fruits while they feed the masses on the cores and parings.

Suppose since time began every human being had been content with his or her lot? Do these gentlemen imagine there would have been much progress made by the human race? If a [illegible] no matter what his position, is not situated so as he [illegible] be discontented, and it is this very discontent that [illegible] the shackles from the slave and given us the faint semblance of freedom we now have, and this discontent will, like a leaven, continue to work until the whole is leavened and justice, in fact as well as name, rules the earth.

As to education—whatever vocation in life we are called on to fill, whether it be a laborer to the field or a judge upon the bench—unless we are possessed with a knowledge of *our* rights and how to assert them, unless we are acquainted with the rights of *others* and how not to encroach upon them, we are but poor citizens of a Republic which declares to the world "That men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are the right to life, to liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

This, and this alone, is true education. Without it we are but little better than the cattle [illegible]

Newark, Delaware.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

The article by Maurice Thompson [illegible] cent is strikingly illustrative of newspaper optimism as distinguished from practical pessimism. While sensible of the dangers of over-education, he is too sure that the result need not be feared. To one in practical life it is different.

Education leads to but one end—discontent. By the effect of education our minds are broadened; we see possibilities that before were unknown, but the new light, instead of awakening a moderate desire for betterment, leads to an inordinate ambition for the unobtainable.

Education is like unto a poison; when it once gets into our veins it causes death—not a physical death, but the end of all pleasure, the end of happiness. We place our ambitions so high that we scarcely ever accomplish them; if we do, we regret that our aim was not higher. In consequence of the effect of education, dissatisfaction will reign supreme.

Baltimore, Maryland. Thomas J. J. Coulter.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

Mr. Thompson, in defending his article, Education and Discontent, says, "Progress is the law of life." This may well be so, but also competition is the great law of success. In the educational world competition is a great and powerful factor. With competition comes friction; with friction comes discontent.

It seems to me that the educational world represents a gigantic ladder upon which men are climbing. The young man starts at the bottommost round, and is discontented until he reaches the second; then till he reaches the third, and so on—in fact, he is always longing for the round just above him.

Thus to sum up, Competition is the great law of success. It is made more keen in the educational world than elsewhere. Competition begets ambition, and ambition breeds discontent.

Who ever saw a truly educated man that was not ambitious? And who ever saw an ambitious man that was not discontented? "Man is never satisfied" applies to education as well as to money.

Francis L. Pinney.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

The human economy demands manual labor for the production of any article of commerce, and as every human being is a consumer every one should feel it his duty to educate himself in that branch of the world's business that will give him the greatest capacity as a producer. When young men are conscious of being able to produce something by their efforts, with the aid of what education they are able to acquire they will be the reverse of discontented.

Of course, knowledge begets a desire for more knowledge, and it is a laudable desire but the individual should remember he cannot learn everything in the short period of a natural lifetime. While he is filling his mind with literature, history, science and art, he should adapt his knowledge to his own individual purpose in life and make all tributary to this purpose.

Lumberton, Mississippi. Alexander P. Tunison.

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## The Eccentricities of Genius

# III—FAMOUS HUMORISTS I HAVE KNOWN

## By Major J. B. POND

UP TO the time of Thomas Nast caricature had been a minor branch of art He made it one of the most potent agencies for creating and influencing public opinion

No editor, no orator, no Division Commander in our Army, no Captain in our Navy, did more to put down the rebellion with pen, tongue or sword than did Mr Nast with his pencil

It was said of Luther that his words were half battles With equal truth Nast's war pictures were military assaults They stirred the patriotic blood in the North, and sent battalions of youth to rally round the flag

Like many famous artists, Mr. Nast was personally shy, and would sooner go on a forlorn hope than face an audience. After trying to induce him to join the army of lecturers, and getting reply after reply declining even to consider the subject, my predecessor, Mr. Redpath, adopted a course that showed enterprise, and was successful in inducing Mr. Nast to enter the lecture field

Finding that Mr. Nast had quarreled with his employers and that he was going to Europe, Mr. Redpath took passage on the same steamer, and introduced himself to Mr. Nast Mr Nast laughed and said

"Well you have got me where I cannot run away; but it's no use—I won't lecture"

Mr. Redpath, nevertheless, got his chance to set forth the [illegible]s of lecturing, went with Nast to London, and before coming away got his consent, if Mrs. Nast would

*"Oh, is somebody a candidate for Vice-President? Oh, yes; Brown, of Missouri"*

agree to it. Returning to New York, he secured Mrs. Nast's approval, and the next fall Thomas Nast made his *debut* as a lecturer. His lectures were illustrated—that is, he drew on large sheets of paper crayon pictures and pictures in oil in presence of his audiences. The crayons were both plain and colored, and he drew with such amazing rapidity that the people were delighted

He had a long list of engagements, six nights a week, with a certainty of from $200 to $500 a lecture. He earned $40,000 that season, and, as he got homesick, canceled about five thousand dollars' worth toward the close. Nevertheless, it is an illustration of the thorough honesty of the man that he insisted that the Bureau should receive its full commission on the fees of the canceled lectures.

### THE ORIGIN OF A FAMOUS CARTOON

At the time that Horace Greeley became candidate for President of the United States, it was said that Mr. Nast's cartoons killed the great editor. Be that as it may, we remember in that campaign Mr. Nast's cartoons attracted universal attention—Horace in the old white coat with the Grats Brown card appended to his coat tails; and this was the way that card came there.

Mr. Nast had prepared a cartoon of a number of the candidates on the ticket, with Greeley at the head. It had been sent into the engraver's room, when somebody remarked to Nast that he had omitted the name of the Vice-President

"Oh," he said, "is somebody a candidate for Vice President? Oh, yes; Brown, of Missouri

He simply wrote the name and tacked it to the coat tail of Greeley, and that went through the papers.

Brown, of St. Louis, was a delightful man. He signed the pledge after he was nominated for President, but during the campaign tour in the East it was reported that Brown drank too much at a banquet in New Haven, and the Good Templars Society telegraphed to some parties in New Haven to ask whether the report were true. Word came back that they did not know whether it were true or not, but he ate butter on his watermelon. One of the cartoons had Brown as Bacchus a straddle of a big watermelon.

Editor's Note.—This is the third in a series of four papers by Major Pond on The Eccentricities of Genius. The first, Famous Orators I Have Known, appeared in the Post of August 19.

### HOW A COUNTRY EDITOR WON FAME AND FORTUNE

Next to the cartoons of Thomas Nast in their influence in inspiring the people with enthusiasm in the cause of the Union, the historian will undoubtedly give credit to the letters of Petroleum V. Nasby Indeed, a member of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Boutwell, said in public speech shortly after the war

The rebellion was put down by three forces: the Army and the Navy of the United States, and the letters of Petroleum V Nasby.'

Petroleum V. Nasby was the *nom de plume* of David R Locke, of Ohio. At the beginning of the Civil War he was a young and obscure man, editing a little country paper in the interior of Ohio. It occurred to him that it would be a good idea to write a series of letters, one a week, exposing and ridiculing the Democratic party. These letters pretended to be written in earnest by a Confederate War office-seeker They succeeded in deceiving even the County Democrats for a time

One meeting of the faithful framed a resolution commending the fidelity to Democratic principles shown in the Nasby letters, but urging Mr. Nasby, for the sake of policy, not to be so outspoken. The sarcasm was so broad that it is difficult, if one reads them to-day for the first time, to understand how the most illiterate partisans could mistake them. But at a time when men's passions were red hot, and their prejudices volcanic, they were universally applauded by the upholders of the Union.

The circulation of Locke's paper rose rapidly, and he became one of the most famous men in America in less than a year. He soon bought an interest in the Toledo Blade, then in a dying state. He moved to Toledo, supervised the paper, and its circulation increased until it rivaled the most popular journals of the continent both in its sale and its influence. When he died—in 1888—the Blade for several years had had a circulation of over 100,000.

From being a poor country editor Locke had become one of the wealthiest men in the West, and died a millionaire

### THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM ONE TOUR

Of course as soon as he had won a national reputation he was invited to lecture. He used to boast that he made, during his first lecture season, the longest and most lucrative lecture tour recorded in the annals of the Lyceum

He lectured every secular night for nine or ten months, and made over $30,000 by the tour. His lectures until some time after the war were very popular; but as he had none of the graces of the orator, and as the war fever abated, he gradually lost his hold and retired from the field

His intense Republicanism made him hate the Irish and Irish Americans, and as he afterward said

"If I ever missed a chance to get a dig at the Irish for twenty years before I went to Ireland, I can't remember it."

### NASBY'S CONVERSION TO THE IRISH CAUSE

He used to sneer at the Irish for clamoring for freedom at home, and supporting the pro-slavery party when they came to America. A few years before his death he made a tour of Europe, and in coming back reached Belfast and got among the Orangemen of the North. These men intensified his prejudices, and when he reached Dublin he had made up his mind to write a series of Nasby letters ridiculing Parnell and the Irish movement for Home Rule. Mr. Redpath happened to meet him there, but found it impossible to convince him that the Irish were wholly in the right in their struggle for Home Rule. Finally, finding that he could not make Nasby understand the tyranny of the Irish landlords, he offered to make a bet to convert him. And a curious bet it was Redpath said

"Take a map of Ireland and pitch a sixpence on any part of the West, and whether I have been there or not, if you and Bob (his son) will go there with me, I will convince you by what I shall show you that I am right and the Irish are right, and I will pay your expenses if you don't come back a worse Irishman than I am, but you will pay mine if you are converted"

The offer was accepted, and Nasby fixed on the Killarney Lake region. In going there from Cork the party stopped over at the Galter Mountains, and Nasby was so shocked at the horrible poverty he saw there, and at the stories he heard from the people, that in coming back he offered to send the best Winchester rifle in America to the jaunting-car driver if he would promise to shoot a landlord

"Which landlord, your honor?" asked the driver

"Oh, any one—I don't care," replied Nasby, "so long as he is an Irish landlord"

On returning to America, Locke astonished his old friends by becoming a more radical champion of Irish rights than even his friend Redpath, whom the Irish-Americans had already christened "the adopted Irishman"

Redpath wrote of Nasby. "You can always tell by looking at his vest what he had for breakfast

President Lincoln telegraphed to Toledo: "For the genius to write like Nasby I would gladly give up my office." Of all publications during the Civil War none had such a charm for him. It was a delight to see him surrender so completely to the fascination

Of his letters Charles Sumner says, in the preface to Nasby's book

"It is impossible to measure their value."

### JOSH BILLINGS' PECULIAR LECTURE TERMS

Josh Billings lectured at $100 a night. He never charged anything He lectured for nothing, with $100 thrown in

He considered that a young man who would wear a paper collar for a week and keep it clean was good for nothing else

*"What did you say"*

The personality of the professional humorist is often of a very different sort from that which those who only know him through his merry-making would naturally picture. The history of one and another shows that they have turned their bright side to the world, have laughed and joked, and have so bubbled over with humor that they seem to have no serious side—all this with a background of physical disease, or a personal sorrow, that made mental depression inevitable, and to be constantly fought against

Bill Nye, with whom the public smiled for so many years, kept alive his quaint humor in the face of bodily disability under which men of less courage would have succumbed at once

Bill Nye had a happy spirit, a genuine humor, which can ill be spared. He said no ill natured or malicious thing in all his writings, and, for one so quick to discover shams, this one fact speaks volumes for the sweetness of his soul

### JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S JOKE ON THE FARMER

James Whitcomb Riley and Nye were a peculiar pair. They were everlastingly playing practical jokes

I remember when we were riding together, in the smoking compartment, between Columbus and Cincinnati. Mr. Nye was a great smoker and Mr Riley did not dislike tobacco. An old farmer came over to Mr Nye and said

"Are you Mr. Riley? I heard you was on the train

"No, I am not Mr. Riley. He is over there'

"I knew his father, and I would like to speak with him'

"Oh, speak with him, yes. But he is deaf, and you want to speak loud."

So the farmer went over to him and said in a loud voice:

"Is this Mr. Riley?"

"Er, what?"

"Is this Mr Riley?

"What did you say?

"Is this Mr. Riley?

"Riley, yes."

"I knew your father

"No bother."

"I knew your father."

"What?"

"I knew your father."

"Oh, so did I."

And in a few moments the farmer heard him talking in an ordinary tone of voice

### THE TWINS OF GENIUS

George W. Cable traveled with Mark Twain one season. Twain and Cable, a colossal attraction, a happy combination!

*The reporters interview Mark Twain in bed*

These "twins of genius," as I advertised them, were delightful company. Both were Southerners, raised on the Mississippi River, and fine singers. Each was familiar with all the plantation and shanty songs of the negro, and they would often get to singing when by themselves, or with their manager for sole audience.

So delightful were these occasions, and so fond were they of embracing every opportunity of "letting themselves out," that I often instructed our carriage driver to take a long route between hotels and trains that I might have a concert which the public was never permitted to hear. Could they have been hired to produce some of those scenes on the stage it would have brought a fortune.

Mark owned the show and paid Cable $500 a week and his traveling and hotel expenses. Connecting rooms were invariably secured at the hotels. The manager took a percentage of the gross receipts for his services, and was to be sole manager. If he consulted the proprietor at all during the term of the agreement, said agreement became null and void.

#### MR. CABLE'S PLANTATION SONGS

Mr. Cable's singing of Creole plantation songs was very charming and very novel. They were so sweet and he sang so beautifully that everybody was charmed with them—it was all so simple and quaint and dignified.

But one day his friend Roswell Smith asked him if he really thought those "nigger songs" were dignified and proper for a church entertainment. Mr. Cable said: "I promise you, Mr. Smith, that I will not sing them again." So that delightful feature was left out, and for years, notwithstanding persistent urging and request after request, he would not sing them. Of late I am told that Mr. Cable has repented, and now his audiences are once more privileged to hear these songs that no one else can ever sing as George W. Cable sings them.

The very last day Twain and Cable appeared together they separated, and have never met since.

Mark Twain eats only when he is hungry. I have known him to go days without eating a particle of food; at the same time he would be smoking constantly when he was not sleeping. He insisted that the stomach would call when in need, and it did.

#### MARK TWAIN'S FONDNESS FOR DUTCH AND FRESH AIR

I have known him to sit for hours in a smoking car on a cold day, smoking his pipe and reading his Dutch book with the window wide open.

I said once:

"Mark, do you know it's a cold day and you are exposing yourself before that open window, and you are booked to lecture to-night?"

"I do—know—all—about it. I am letting some of God's fresh air into my lungs for that very purpose. My stomach is all right, and under these conditions I am not afraid of taking cold."

"But," said I, "the car is cold, and you are making the passengers uncomfortable by insisting on that window being so wide open."

"They deserve to be uncomfortable for not knowing how to live and take care of themselves." He closed the window, however.

Mark never had a cold, and, with the exception of carbuncles, was never ill. He smokes the cheapest cigars that he can buy. When he finds a lot of old "stogies," or "cheroots," he buys the lot, and if they are very cheap he takes as many as he can get. He took about 6000 of this sort for consumption on the Warrimoo when he sailed from Victoria for Sydney in 1895.

#### MARK TWAIN'S JOURNEY IN A WHEELBARROW

Mark Twain is to-day the most popular writer in the English language. Few men have ever written whose humor has so many sides, such breadth, or reach. His passages provoke the joyous laughter of young and old, of learned and unlearned, and may be read or heard the hundredth time without losing, but rather multiplying, in power.

On a steamer on the lakes he had been very ill, suffering terribly. We had been obliged to carry him out of the hall. He had come up on the deck and sat with us. "This is the only life worth living, after all," he said.

At a little town in Minnesota we had been waiting since four o'clock in the morning, and Mark got uneasy. He said: "I am tired of this business. Pond contracted with me to travel, and here I am waiting for late trains that never arrive."

Mrs. Clemens said: "My dear, are you not making a fool of yourself?"

"No, I am not," he replied. "I contracted to travel and I insist upon his keeping the contract;" so he sat down in a wheelbarrow and I pushed it.

#### A WONDERFUL PIECE OF INTERVIEWING

A reporter met Mark at the station in Portland, Oregon, as he stepped out of the car. He walked with him across the platform to the omnibus, then went to his office and wrote a column and a half interview, which Mark declared the most absolutely correct, as well as the best, interview he ever had.

We went up to Vancouver. He went to bed and stayed there four days. In fact, he never puts on his clothes unless he is obliged to. Nearly all his books were written in this position.

One day I said to him: "The reporters want to see you." He said: "Ask them to excuse my bed and show them up." I did so, and that was the last interview he gave in America.

Mark Twain gave Mrs. Pond a book in which he wrote: "In memory of the most delightful trip ever made across the continent by a party of five."

That was the last we saw of them until a year ago last summer, when we met them in London, and Mark had made money enough with his voice and pen to pay up $80,000.

—"SHE TOLD HIM EVERYTHING—HOW SHE LOVED THE PASTOR, HOW HE LOVED HER"

# The Bride of the Pastor Emeritus

*By Lynn Roby Meekins*

IT WAS right in the swelter of the hottest spell for years when the pastor emeritus died. Most of us, without saying so, thought it distinctly unkind of him to impose the necessity of a funeral in such weather, putting so many good people to inconvenience and discomfort. But, at any rate, he was dead—dead in the fullness of years, dead in the ripeness of a life that was clean, pure and sweet.

The day was certainly hot. People came into the beautiful church gasping and grumbling, sank in their pews, and, with all reverence, devoutly wished it were soon over, that they might get back to the country, the mountains and the seashore. The handsome pastor was a martyr in his hot clerical belongings; in spite of an electric fan cleverly concealed in the alcove, it grew hotter all the time.

"Of course somebody from our family had to come," the girl with the blue hat was whispering to the girl in the pink waist, "and, as usual, they put it all on me. They wanted papa for one of the pall-bearers, but that was out of the question, don't you know. He is too feeble."

"I heard they had a lot of trouble getting enough men to act as pall-bearers," said the girl in the pink waist.

"No wonder. Just think of the weather! Did you ever feel such a hot day?"

"Never. It is perfectly awful!"

"I hope they will get through so that I can take the twelve o'clock train. You will run back to the mountains on the express, of course. It is hard to bring us to the city on such a day, but of course he couldn't help it. And the Doctor was such a dear, good man. Honestly, I believe if one of our family had not come to the funeral, mamma would be afraid to go to Heaven. He baptized all of us, married most of us, and buried a few of us, and we have a queer feeling about him."

"It was the same in our family. He was more to us than the physician."

"It seems to have been the same in most of the families. I never heard of any of our set yet that he didn't either baptize or marry. Pa used to tell the Doctor that he believed he married Adam and Eve."

"Yes; and don't you remember that one week he got over a thousand dollars in wedding fees?"

"Yes, and gave every cent of it away. Pa used to tell the Doctor that he didn't know the value of money, and I've heard the old Doctor reply that the only way to make a dollar useful was to keep it moving; and no matter how much they gave him, he was always poor."

"He did a lot of good. We know of cases where he was a real angel. You remember late one afternoon a family was reported to our Help Society, but we were all tired out, and it was too late to do anything? That night the old Doctor held a reception, and somebody mentioned the case casually to him. Well, don't you know, when the reception was over, and everybody had gone, the old Doctor disappeared, and didn't get back until two o'clock in the morning. He walked two miles, found the house, waked up a grocer, and had those people comfortable before he left them. My, it made us all feel ashamed of ourselves!"

"Gracious, it gets hotter every minute! Behold the dominie in the pulpit. He looks like Niobe—all perspiration. By the by, did you ever hear the old Doctor's romance?"

"I've heard stories, but nothing positive."

"Well, this is the real story. Papa—you know he and the Doctor were life-long friends—told it to us for the first time last night. Death, he said, unsealed his lips. He had told it to mamma before, but to the rest of us it was all new. The old Doctor was in love. He fell in love when he came here as a young clergyman.

"The church was small then—it was before he built it up—and it had no paid choir, nor any of the modern fixings. But in the unpaid choir was a girl—one of those slim, queer things—with a wonderful voice, and the young pastor fell in love with her and she with him. But they were too poor to marry, and she was too poor to wait, and so she began to use her voice to support herself and her mother.

"Soon, as such things go, she was singing in concerts in halls and places, and was making a great deal of money. Her voice was simply wonderful—a high, clear, Heavenly kind of music that just took hold of people's souls. The papers were full of her, and her picture was everywhere. And all the time she was such a *furore* the young pastor was working and building up this church. One day she came back, and went to papa and asked for a confidential interview, and then she told him everything—how she loved the pastor, how he loved her and importuned her to marry him, for the church was growing, and he could now support a wife; and how she was doubtful, because she was afraid the publicity of her name might make the marriage interfere with his work, and how she would rather sacrifice herself than injure his ministry.

"Well, it was hard lines for poor old papa, but he is a conscientious old thing, who says what he thinks, and he told her what he thought, and she thanked him and left. Papa said he felt as if he had committed a murder when he saw her go out of the room."

"Yes, I had heard from grandma that he had a love who would not marry him, but I did not know it was as romantic as all that. I wonder what ever became of her?"

"Rich and retired, I believe, and living quietly in the city somewhere."

The last comers were taking their seats, and, just before the services began, a slender figure, enveloped in mourning, crept up the aisle, and sank into a pew near the front.

It was a peculiar service. When the idea of placing an organ in the church was first proposed by the young minister, many years before this funeral, there was a great protest, but patiently and kindly the young man had won his way, and good music helped as much to fill the pews as the clergyman's preaching. There was a marvelous organist in those early days, and he was greatly devoted to the young preacher.

In the decades that had passed the organist had grown bent and deaf, but his love for the minister lived, and when he read of his death he asked that he might be allowed to play the pastor's favorite hymn at the funeral. And he was at the organ, loving it for what it was, just as he would a sweetheart—loving it more for the sweet consolation it might give, just as he could a wife.

The lady who was to sing the solo had come, at great personal sacrifice, in compliment to the *doyen* of the church which she served, but the heat in the choir-loft was particularly stifling, and her corpulence was a handicap. She fanned to the limit of her energy, and the more she fanned the warmer she grew; but she was faithful to her duty, and the people gave to her any pity that they had left after pitying themselves.

I had no idea of bringing myself into this plain narrative, but it has been my lot, in my threescore years and more, to attend funerals in churches of many denominations, and, now that the services have begun, the same curious feeling comes over me. As an old-fashioned physician, I know that my part ends at the deathbed, but it has been interesting to observe that, through all the last rites, a similar sentiment runs.

I have heard the services of Protestant Episcopal and Catholic, of Presbyterian and Methodist, of Lutheran and Quaker, of almost all, in fact, and in each of them, whether the noble dignity of the Protestant Episcopal, the wonderful high mass of the Catholic, or the impressive simplicity of the Methodist, or the different excellences of any and all, one thought has always come to me: How blindly we do these reverent actions for the dead, when our whole religion teaches us that they have awakened into a knowledge as far beyond our real knowing as Heaven is from the earth.

Faith bridges the distance, you say, and so, indeed, it does; but I cannot get away from my thought, and perhaps that is why I was so drawn to the young clergyman, who, in his address, said that no words of his could add to the sermon of such a life, no tribute of earth could increase the glory of that Heavenly awakening.

Then he told simply the story of the man who had given his life to the church and his fellow-men; who, in the very excess of his goodness and charity, had never been able to understand meanness nor to feel resentment toward ingratitude. It was altogether worthy of the young man, and, under the circumstances of the heat and the desire of every one to get away, it was really wonderful how well he held the attention of the congregation.

There came in good time the hymn of the pastor emeritus. We saw that the soprano was trying to force herself up to the ordeal, and we wondered if she could get through. The heat was worse than ever. Henry Moller, the old organist, trembled to the seat, and, closing his eyes, saw the favorite hymn of his friend, the pastor emeritus, stretched before him in ascending notes from earth to Heaven. His fingers touched the keys, and there came a sound of music, rich, gentle, worshipful, with the soul of the musician and the heart of the friend playing together. It touched us all, and it nerved the soprano for her effort.

She arose and put her full strength in the first verse. It was sung well, but the effort in it was direful, and I, at least, was not surprised that when the last line of the verse was concluded she moved her head from side to side to say that she could go no further, and sat down. I started to the loft, but when I saw her fanning I knew that she had not fainted, and resumed my seat.

Then occurred the strangest thing I have ever seen at any funeral.

Old Moller, being deaf and lost to everything save the hymn of his dead friend, kept on playing as if nothing had happened. The interlude was almost over, and the congregation saw that the soprano would attempt nothing further; so we waited for Moller to finish the instrumental performance, without a voice to sing the words.

But suddenly there arose in the middle of the church a figure dressed in deep mourning. She quickly threw back

her heavy veil, and we saw a face of infinite sweetness, old and with wrinkles, but angelic in its softness, purity and beauty—the face that was the mirror to a lovely life, and a clean, loving heart; a face that, once seen, was never to be forgotten. And I had seen it in its earlier years.

As the note of the verse was struck there came forth a melody that filled the church and thrilled our hearts. True music is always intoxicating, but the peculiar sweetness of the voice and the sympathetic vibration in each tone had a powerful effect amidst these surroundings and under these circumstances. Women forgot to fan, and men bent forward, and children gazed wonderingly.

The voice rose and fell in perfect cadences, the very fullness of sympathy and inspiration. One verse sung, she stood with clasped hands and waited for the second, and old Moller played on, oblivious to all save the organ and the hymn of his friend. As the song proceeded, the beauty of it, the intense interest of it, flowered into an indescribable glory. The hearts were singing. The souls were singing. Heaven itself was singing.

There are on record several notable instances where the singing voice has returned in old age under intense excitement, but, as far as I could remember, the reaction generally meant collapse and sudden death. I was in the pew just back of the singer, and, without being perceived, I moved so as to be near her if she fainted. But she did not faint. When she finished the hymn, she half sat, half sank down in the pew, and quickly replaced the veil. I could not help bending forward and saying:

"I am Dr. Thomas Ambers—Tom Ambers you used to know. Can I do anything for you? Do you feel faint?"

"No."

"Shall I escort you out after the service?"

"Yes."

It was as I thought. Her nerve was good for all the funeral. The manner in which she uttered the monosyllables showed that.

"Well, do you see that?" exclaimed the girl with the blue hat to the girl in the pink waist. "Old Doctor Ambers taking her out before the procession. He's a perfect old nuisance. He always was. I would have given anything to see her; now we can't, because if we go to the cemetery we'll miss our trains."

"It's fearfully exasperating, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I heard old Doctor Ambers used to be in love with her, too. And I half believe he is yet. Wasn't her voice beautiful? And it was all so odd."

"Lovely. I would not have missed it for the world. Do you expect to catch the twelve o'clock train?"

"If I live through the heat. Isn't it killing?"

"Perfectly frightful!"

Just before the services were over she had turned to me and said, "Please take me out." I knew what she meant. She wanted to escape the crowd.

When we reached the street I called one of the few carriages, and, placing her in it, got in myself and closed the curtains. She sank back, saying nothing for a time, but presently speaking very gently: "Thank you, my good friend, thank you! God made me do it! God did it! Blessed be His name!"

"Blessed be His name!" I repeated, not knowing what else to say, it being no time or place for compliments on her singing.

Nothing more was said on this subject by either of us. There were very few persons at the grave, and the heat was almost intolerable. We drove back without many words. When we reached her boarding-house she asked that the young preacher come to see her as soon as possible.

Late in the afternoon he was in my office. "Doctor," he said, "this is so extraordinary that I seem to be moving in a dream. The incident at the church was strange enough, but stranger things have come, and I want your advice. She says she expects to die soon, and she wants to be buried near him. I don't know what to do. How could I explain the two graves in the lot?"

"No explanation necessary," I replied. "What does the living world care for worn-out preachers, or—worn-out doctors? We save their souls and save their lives, and then they forget us. A doctor may spend a lifetime in doing good to others, but let him stop a year, and he had just as well dry up and be blown away. And a pastor emeritus, with no relatives to place flowers upon his grave, will not be disturbed by the memories of the world. Tell her yes."

It was a more comfortable day when we next visited the lot—the young preacher and I—and we lingered there until the men who filled the grave had followed the hearse and the attendants around the bend of the road. Then, with uncovered head, the young preacher stood by the graves, and with closed eyes repeated something to himself.

"You were saying the marriage service," I said as we started to go.

"She asked me to do it," he replied, "but why I do not know, for are they not together in Heaven?"

"They are together in Heaven," I said.

And as we walked on I heard him saying, "God is love, and Love is God. How wonderful is love!"

"At least," I said, thinking of the graves, "I was best man."

—THERE CAME FORTH A MELODY THAT FILLED THE CHURCH AND THRILLED OUR HEARTS

## FURNITURE AND FICTION

*By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS*

IN SOME recent magazine stories the thing that counts seems to be not so much what the people do and say as where and how they say it.

Let us discover two characters in the parlor, and open the conversation in this way:

Charles Darcey rose to his feet and gazed first at Marie and then at a steel engraving.

Marie's eyes followed his, and then went beyond and back of him to a French mirror. It was at least a minute before Charles spoke, and in that time his hazel eyes traveled around and took in seven chairs, the armchair, the sofa, the desk and the curtains.

Nor were her eyes idle, even though she did not speak. She looked at the handsome Turkish rug, at the cartridge paper on the wall—it was a robin's-egg blue—at the chandelier and then at him.

"I don't know what to say," said he at last, casting his eyes upon the Japanese rug.

"Why have you called, then?" said she, opening a magazine with nervous fingers and reading some of the advertisements.

"I came," said he, as he played with a silver paper-cutter that had been secured at a bargain sale, "to say good-by."

"Good-by?" she said in questioning tones, rising and sniffing a Maréchal Niel rose that was stuck in his button-hole.

He looked intently at an etching by Field which hung over the desk. It depicted a sylvan scene in the depths of winter; but he did not think of that. "Yes, good-by," he said, dropping the paper-cutter inadvertently.

It fell with a tinkling sound upon the marble centre-table and thence to the India rug. The sound roused Marie.

"Well, then I suppose we must part."

"Your supposition is the right one," said he, taking up a ten-cent monthly.

She picked up a copy of the latest novel and opened at the last chapter. It might have had a significance, but if it had it escaped her. A fly flew in at the window and settled on her cheek, but she did not notice it.

Charles leaned forward and brushed the fly from her delicate cheek. He had ceased to care for her, but he was not above doing her a common courtesy. He read a short poem in the ten-cent monthly. At last he said, "You have not answered me."

"I did not know that you had asked me anything," she replied, turning her head so as to see the little oil painting of a flock of sheep, which her father had won at a raffle.

"Oh, Marie, don't you understand me?" he cried in tones of anguish, as he stepped to the mirror and tied his cravat.

Marie was silent. She did not understand him. She hated herself for it, and tapped the Smyrna rug with her foot as she had seen actresses do under stress of feeling.

Charles rose and walked to the door. He turned and looked over the shoulder of his pepper-and-salt suit. All was at an end.

Marie picked up a magazine and looked at the pictures.

There was a sound of a closing door. Marie was alone with the book and magazines, the paper cutter, the seven chairs, the armchair, the sofa, the centre-table, the mirror, the desk, the lace curtains, the pictures and the Syrian rug.

The lunch bell rang.

She hastened to the dining-room.


# The Saturday Evening Post

*FOR NEXT WEEK*
will contain among its features the following short stories and articles:

## Blaine's Life Tragedy

For twenty years James G. Blaine was perhaps the most brilliant and interesting figure on the stage of American politics. Under the foregoing title, ex-Senator John J. Ingalls tells, in his own inimitable style, the dramatic story of the overwhelming disappointment of Mr. Blaine's life.

By EX-SENATOR INGALLS

## The First Mrs. Keener

This is a humorous love-story, based on the peculiar matrimonial methods of an elderly gentleman, and a young girl's resentment of an unusual system of love-making.

By MARY TRACY EARLE

## An Inside View of New York Society

A crisp, entertaining article upon social life in New York as seen from the view-point of a society leader and a woman of fashion, whose training as a novelist has made her a keen observer and a satirical critic.

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON

## The Nobleness of Oswald

This is a captivating little story by one of the most popular of English writers. It describes with sweet, naive humor the doings of a family of motherless youngsters who tried to enrich a debt-burdened father.

By E. NESBIT

## The Nuisance

This fascinating two-part story of a seaman ashore and a party of landsmen afloat, begun in the POST of September 16, is brought to an unexpected and surprising conclusion.

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

• • •

In this column there will appear, from week to week, announcements of

# THE POST'S NEW FEATURES

**MR. EDWIN MARKHAM**

whose remarkable poem, "The Man with the Hoe," has made him the most talked-of writer in America, will contribute to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST regularly. In an early issue he will tell the readers of the POST how he came to write his famous poem. This article will be of absorbing interest to every thinking American. It will be abundantly illustrated and will include a *fac-simile* of the original MS. of "The Man with the Hoe," and pictures of the author and his surroundings taken especially for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Markham has also written for the POST some significant editorials on significant subjects. His new series of poems will appear in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exclusively.

**HAMLIN GARLAND**

Hamlin Garland, who is doing for the middle West what Bret Harte did for California, has written for the POST a series of short stories, each complete in itself, dealing with

**"Boy Life on the Prairies"**

These are wholesome, open-air stories of the Plains, and they have, to a marked degree, the rare quality that appeals to young and old alike. They will appear in early numbers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## The Fall Fiction Number

The Fall Fiction Number, the first of the POST's monthly double numbers, will be an illustrated magazine of the highest rank. Its contents will include stories by Sarah Grand, Bret Harte, Stephen Crane, Cutcliffe Hyne, Cyrus Townsend Brady and Bailey Millard. There will also be special articles by ex-Senator Ingalls and Captain A. J. Kenealy, the veteran yachting expert; signed reviews of the early Autumn novels and a page of humor by leading humorists. Order now from your newsdealer.

*Price, Five Cents the Copy*

**THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.**
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# WHAT IS LITERARY MERIT?

*By RICHARD BURTON*

THE things which in a deep sense we know and understand best are hardest to define. Love is the greatest motor-power on the earth, the common experience and the common glory of mankind. Yet who dares define it, to set a mete and a bound for humanity's master-passion? It is somewhat thus with such an intangible quality or characteristic as excellence in letters: we apprehend it readily enough, we mourn its absence, we thrill under a consciousness of its charm, but we are dazed a little at first when the question is put, plump and direct: What, then, *is* literary merit?

To come boldly at the difficulty: literary merit is that quality in writing which relates, not to the things said, but to the manner of saying things. It is, strictly speaking, a matter of form, and nothing else.

Emerson is literature, not because he is a great thinker in ethics or philosophy, but because he utters his thought in a certain beautiful and incommunicable fashion. The Bible, entirely apart from its value as a religious teacher, is a wonderful literary repository, simply because a set of men back in the early seventeenth century, when the diction of Marlowe and Shakespeare, or Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher was in the air, were inspired to put its proverbs, its parables and its psalms into such language as has never been equaled in English before or since. If this definition be correct, it becomes evident that books lying outside of what is called Belles Lettres may have literary merit. When one who has a genius for expression writes, for example, upon Science, he still makes literature; as witness a Humboldt or a Huxley. Whenever or wherever a man sets down his thoughts in a way which attracts, moves and charms by its style, or its manner of saying things, that man has literary merit, and no man else can be said to possess it.

Some may perhaps incline to take offense at the simple explanation of literary excellence. "What," they will cry, "the great effects of literature, the brilliancy and beauty, the wit and pathos, which have so often held us thrall, all this to be resolved into a trick of the trade, a legerdemain of rhetoric?"

⁂

The answer to such an outbreak is not far to seek. Expression, at its best and in its normal function, is not a self-conscious act in which the writer stands *off* and strives to produce an impression, but is, rather, in some degree, a revelation; so that each man who makes literature, gives the world, in his writings, a sort of simulacrum of his own personality, of that essence which is *he*, as against every other personality in existence. Nay, it is more than a simulacrum, for the whole creature is in it, brain and body, heart and soul. From his manner of saying things you gather an idea of what manner of man he is; not so much what he is in actual, every-day life as what he is potentially, in his possibilities, according as God made him.

But in setting up this definition of literary merit, it may still be objected that no true touchstone has been given to guide one in pronouncing for or against a man's claim to write literature. Granted that the manner of saying things is the test, how may this manner be distinguished? what are its earmarks? the elements or characteristics which go to make it? Perhaps the most common reply to this highly pertinent question is to catalogue, as do the rhetoricians, those qualities which are admirable in and essential to good writing: as simplicity, fitness and beauty; perspicuity, force and elegance, and so forth. But the trouble here is, that opinions are apt to differ as to what *is* beauty, or elegance, or force.

⁂

Perspicuity, clearness, common folk might agree pretty well on; but when we come to the other qualities there is sure to be confusion worse confounded. When a stump orator out West told a friend of mine that he had read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and found it interesting, but that it had no literary merit, he showed that his sense of the qualities that go to the making of such merit was erratic, half-developed.

A housemaid the other day informed me that a missing article was in "the nurse's apartment." Now, the place she referred to was a small, plainly furnished room of perhaps ten by twelve feet. To call it an "apartment" was absurd, because that word gave a false idea of its fitting-up and of its size. The word "room" would have been better, because fitter and simpler; moreover, because it is a native Saxon word and hence preferable to the Romance word, "apartment," which is used unnecessarily and wrongly in nine cases out of ten.

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These examples serve to illustrate my point, which is, that it is insufficient and dangerous to insist on a certain number of qualities as constituting the literary manner of saying things. Such categories are of avail in giving students a notion of what is to be aimed at in writing; but they are not satisfactory in defining what is style—that subtle and wonderful thing. That an observance of the laws of grammar is at the basis of style hardly needs the saying; such observance leads to correct writing, but not necessarily to the producing of literature, any more than the foundation walls of a building settle the question of its subsequent architectural ugliness or beauty. I would choose a more subjective test than that of the rhetorics, and would affirm that a perception of the manner of saying things which constitutes literary merit can only be reached by a constant and catholic reading of the best literature.

By heredity one can have almost an intuition of what is good, so that the life's reading is begun with a great advantage over another who has no bookish ancestry; but even the latter can acquire this sixth sense by dint of wise and multifarious contact with books. The stump orator could not see the beauty of Bunyan simply for the reason that he had not got into his blood the rhythm of fine prose, nor a feeling for the virile strength of Saxon methods of expression. My maid thought "apartment" more high-sounding and aristocratic than "room," because she had not read enough and heard enough good speech to learn the great lesson that in both written and spoken words, other things being equal, the simplest is always the best.

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By constant and intelligent communion with the master spirits of English letters, and then, if possible, with those of foreign literature, the reader comes to recognize intuitively and with perfect ease the distinction and charm of manner which make literature. He learns, too, that the manner itself may vary almost as often as do the men who speak; that Addison and Carlyle both write literature, yet are at the antipodes of style; that the glory of Walt Whitman is one and the glory of Tennyson is another. Yet will he discover that all have somewhat in common, though with infinite variations and manifold divergencies; that all possess a common gift and a common distinction which lead us to declare them makers of literature and masters of the mighty art of letters.

Coming back, then, to our starting point: literary merit lies in the manner of saying things. Original thought, noble conception, poetic imagining, these are precious; but unless they be poured into the transmuting mould of expression they are not of themselves enough to constitute literature. And the way to gain the power of knowing this great gift of expression is for the reader to acquaint *himself or herself* with the books pronounced by the calm, sure judgment of the centuries to be the best and most worthy to live—books that possess what Austin Dobson has called "Time's great antiseptic, style." And in the case of the writer, this same reading should be supplemented by a steady, unwearying use of the pen, since only thus will it gradually acquire a power mightier than the sword, even as persuasion is mightier than violence and the shaping of souls more than the mutilation of the body.

# NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

**As to Hawaiian Mosquitoes.**—Lieutenant Lucien Young, U. S. N., has a good mosquito story in his collection. The Lieutenant has devoted much time and care to the collection of these tales, and in the mosquito line his fame is undisputed in naval circles. The Oahu breed he dubs the harpooning gentry.

"If you want to make a Kanaka angry," he once said to a brother officer, "just mention mosquitoes to him. They are not native insects, but were brought thither by whale ships. The natives have so much hatred for them that they devote a part of their history to the name of the particular ship which landed them first and the date that it brought them thither in the water-butts. The worst possible insult put upon the Hawaiians, however, was when the mosquitoes learned to sing in Kanaka. That was too much, and they proceeded to invent all kinds of names for them."

**Stephen Crane's Dislike for Cities.**—The secret of Stephen Crane's love for the country is explained. The young author, as the POST readers know, is living in a rural literary colony outside of London and goes to town as seldom as possible. It appears that his favorite home when in this country was on his brother's great estate in the sparsely settled mountainous part of New York. There he gave most of his time to horseback riding, hunting and fishing. Mr. Crane never finished his course in college, although he attended two. He always stood higher in baseball than in his classes.

**Sixpenny Editions of Hall Caine.**—Hall Caine is not likely to complain of the prevalent cheapness of books. He has recently signed an agreement with some London publishers by which the latter will bring out sixpenny editions of seven of his novels, guaranteeing sales of 100,000 copies each. The author is to receive one and one-half pence for each copy, or $3000 for each of the seven reprints. The publishers will be satisfied with the modest sum of $1000, unless the sales exceed the 100,000 limit, in which case their profits will be proportionately larger.

**Mrs. Peattie's Newspaper Career.**—Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, the writer of children's stories, was for years one of the cleverest writers on the Chicago press. She was not only a writer of fiction, but of editorials and of special news articles as well. Some of her work in the Chicago Sunday newspapers ten years ago is still traveling around the country in the newspapers, generally uncredited, sometimes partially disguised by local adaptation, but always readable. It is reported that Mrs. Peattie is now at work on a comedy for a prominent Western manager.

**West Pointers as Humorists.**—Lieutenant Thomas Winthrop Hall, U. S. A., is the way Tom Hall, the humorist, signed his name a few years ago. He retired from the Army several years ago, largely, so it is said, on account of the success his writing in Life achieved. During the Spanish war he was First Lieutenant in the Rough Riders, and his book upon that subject will be brought out soon. It is a singular coincidence that at the time Lieutenant Hall began writing jokes and humorous verses for Life, that sprightly paper was edited by former Lieutenant Henry Guy Carleton, U. S. A.

Mr. Carleton came of Army stock. His father was a Brigadier-General in the Army long before the war, and he himself had a long and creditable service on the Plains in the seventies. He, too, retired from the Army to go into literature, and he began his career as a writer on the New York Times. When Life was started he became its first editor, and his Thompson Street Poker Stories, begun in the initial number, gave him an instant reputation as a humorist. At the same time another West Pointer and Army officer was contributing to the New York comic press. He was Williston Fish, who also left the Army for other pursuits. His sketches, entitled Short Rations, have just been brought out in book form.

**Mr. Norris' Eventful Career.**—It is not generally known that Frank Norris, author of McTeague, studied art in Paris in 1888, was graduated from Harvard in 1895, took part in the Jameson raid in the Transvaal while representing a San Francisco newspaper as its correspondent, was an editor in San Francisco in 1896, and a correspondent in Cuba during the war.

**John Strange Winter's Success.**—The many admirers of John Strange Winter on this side of the Atlantic will be pleased to learn that she draws an income of not far from $10,000 a year from her works, and lives in a villa which she recently built near Dieppe. The authoress is known in private life as Mrs. Arthur Stannard. Her husband, who is a son of one of England's greatest engineers, acts as her amanuensis and business agent.

Mrs. Stannard is about forty years old, and before her marriage, about fifteen years ago, lived with her father in York, where he is one of the minor canons in the Cathedral. As York is also a garrison town, she gathered the material for Bootle's Baby, which made her name, practically in her own home. The Stannards seem to be partial to literature. Arthur's sister is the widow of the famous George Augustus Sala.


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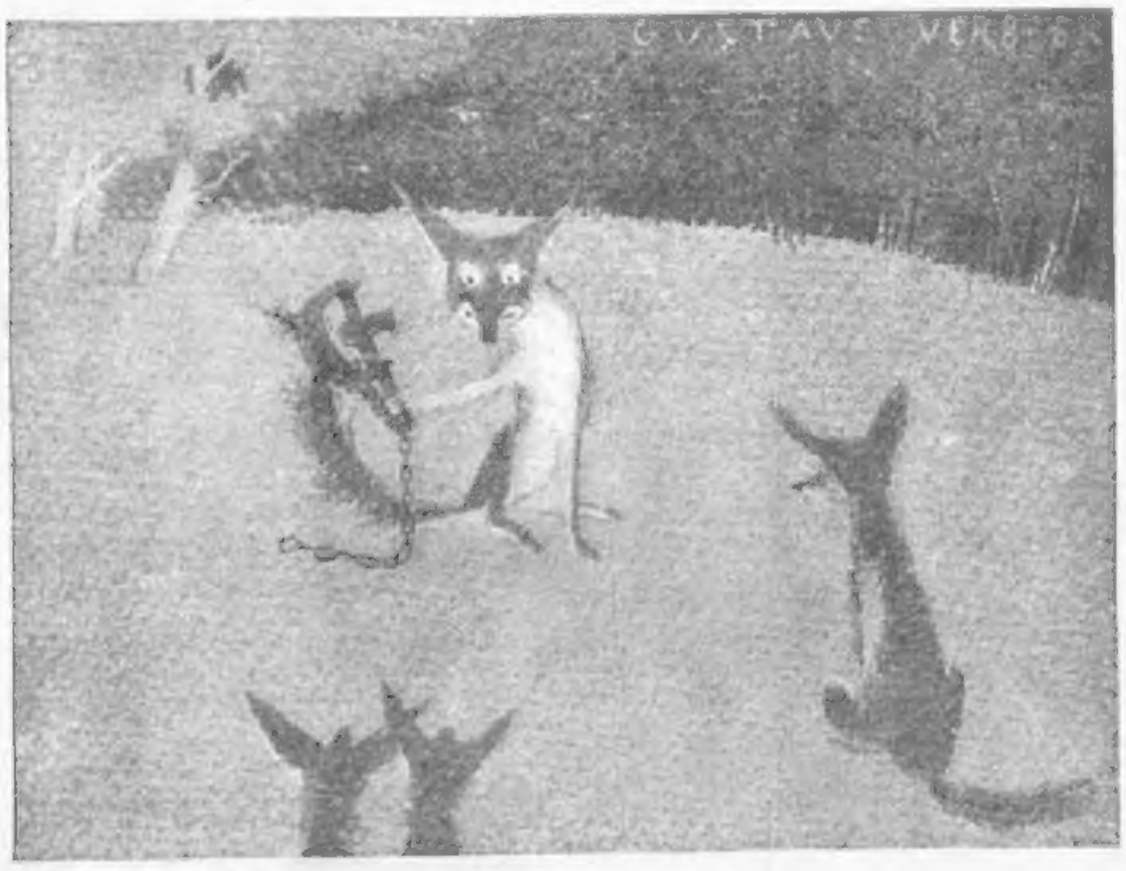
# POLITICAL FABLES

## No. 1—ANNEXATION. By AUSTIN BIERBOWER

A FOX, going on a hunt, got his tail caught in a trap. Pull as hard as he could he was unable to extricate himself, so he ran off home, dragging the trap with him. On meeting his companions he exclaimed: "See what a capture I have made!"



# JUDGE SETH'S SISTER-IN-LAW

*By CHESTER PEAKE*

"A few nibbles are all right, but don't let the fish get too much of the bait."
—From The Sayings of Seth.

THE Judge had had good luck with the rod. It was after supper, consisting mainly of the fish he had caught, and his two hundred and sixty-five pounds were placid and satisfied.

"There's nothing like enjoying what you catch yourself," he declared. "It's the same with fish and marriage"—then after a pause—"only, it lasts longer in marriage, and the catching generally takes a little more time; but the principle is just about the same. Now you take a man or a woman who is after the other, especially when they are both after each other, and they fish too long—I mean those drawn-out courtships and year-in-and-year-out engagements—why, the bait gets off the hook, and the hook gets rusty, and likely as not the fisherman nods and tumbles overboard and the fish runs away."

The Judge never minds mixing his metaphors any more than he does his politics.

"You know," he said, "I'm the happiest man in the world. When the Lord made my wife He did His best, and broke the mould because it wouldn't do to have earth more attractive than Heaven. She is more right all the time than anybody else, and I bow to her humbly and gladly. I confess there have been times when it seemed that her judgment fell upon me somewhat as if Moses had dropped that slab with all the Ten Commandments upon my head; but it is the one way I have learned to be patient and sensible. It takes time to make a philosopher or to marry an old maid. And that reminds me of my wife's sister, Ellen. She was a mighty nice girl, but—well, gentlemen—yes, she was made after the mould was broken."

Judge Seth paused to attend to a mosquito.

"Ellen settled down in our house. Everywhere we went Ellen had to go; everything we ate Ellen had to taste, and everything we did Ellen had to know about, until I confess I began to think that Ellen ought to get married. I liked her, mind you, but every woman ought to get married—especially Ellen—and I hold that a woman ought not to think so much of her relatives as to neglect her duty of getting her own home.

"I got anxious about Ellen's case, and I spoke of it to my wife, but she told me to be patient, and then I remembered that if you only keep your line down long enough in any water a fish will finally come along.

"And the fish did come—a regular old mullet whose name was John. Good-natured, peaceful, reliable, but slow as a snail in frost, and he kept on coming, and coming, and coming, until weeks ran into months and months into years, and—of course, I liked Ellen, but I hated to see the thing drawn out so. Finally I said to John:

"'John, how are you getting along?' and he blushed like a sunfish, and said in a scared sort of way, 'Judge, I don't know! I don't know!'

"'Why don't you know?'

"'It's just so,' he said, 'just so. You know, Judge, in your parlor there are chairs, settees, and things pretty much all the way around the room—a kind of circle, so to speak.'

"'Well,' I said, 'what of that?'

"'It's just—just so,' he said. 'Last week I got up nerve to say the word, and I moved over to the chair next to Miss Ellen; she moved to the next chair; then I moved again; then it was her move. There we were talking all the time about things, you know, and moving; and Judge, you may believe me or not, but we circled that room three times—I a-moving after her and she a-moving away. Now, I had worked all day, and wasn't in for a long-distance race; so I quit, and I don't think I'll go back any more.'

"'John,' I said, 'you are worse than I took you for. Ellen isn't one of your still fishers. She was trolling for you. She took you for a trout, and you're nothing but a mullet.'

"Yes, John came back. The preacher was spending a day with us, as you might know from the fact that the chickens were too scared to cackle or crow. In the house it was rather crowded for John and Ellen, so at night they went out for a ride. You know how a farmer's house is—not many rooms, and only one all-night fire. After the parson got upstairs Mrs. Seth brought in a big raising of bread for the next day and put it down alongside the parlor stove. Well, sirs! the next thing I knew was a call for help. We had gone to bed, and John and Ellen had got back, and John thought he saw one of those ottoman things near the stove, and sot square plum down in that pan of dough.

"Now you know, gentlemen, the difference between me and John in the matter of pantaloons is the difference between two hundred and sixty-five and one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, and the preacher couldn't help us out without making a sacrifice which was entirely beyond reason.

"You never did see two people more flambergasted. They didn't know what in the world to do. Well, what do you suppose we did? Married them right there and then. 'You can't be any more miserable than you are,' I said, 'and you'd just as well quit all this fooling and get married!' And, gentlemen, I called the parson down and they were made one; but if you happen to see John you had better not ask him anything about cake being turned to dough, or *vice versa*. As for Ellen, we were sorry to miss her, but I was glad to see her married—I really was."

"But, Judge, how about your rule?"

"Young man, when we tell fish stories we suspend the rules."

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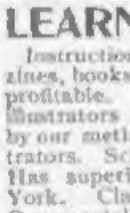
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